This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

39. 767.
~~766~~

GERMANY,

BOHEMIA, AND HUNGARY,

VISITED IN 1837.

BY

THE REV. G. R. GLEIG, M.A.,

CHAPLAIN TO THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

M.DCCC.XXXIX.

767.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following volumes tell their own tale, and, except in reference to one or two points, hardly require that a sentence should be written in explanation of them. I am aware, for example, that in the circumstances which induced me to undertake a scheme of foreign travel, the public is very little likely to take an interest. Yet it is due to myself, to state, that I went abroad, not through any love of change, far less because I was tired of my home, or of the duties attached to it; but because my medical attendants assured me, that unless I withdrew for a season from labours under which my constitution had greatly suffered, they could not be answerable for the consequences. I proceeded, therefore, to the Continent, in search of health, and I thank God that I found it.

But though the nature of the motives which lead an individual to pursue any given line of conduct, be a subject of interest to himself alone, the public have a perfect right to require from him competent reasons for the adoption of such sentiments as he may judge it expedient to express relative to the state of society in places which he has undertaken to describe. I freely acknowledge this right, in the abstract, and will not, I trust be found practically to have contradicted it. My work speaks for itself; so that I need not enter here into a lengthened discussion of points which have received their full share of attention elsewhere. I shall merely repeat, therefore, that if the views which I have taken of the moral and religious condition of Germany be erroneous, the fault has been committed, not only through no prejudice against the German character, but in opposition to prejudices which ran strongly in its favour.

The truth, however, is—and the theological treatises which issue daily from the German press, may satisfy the most incredulous on

that head—that a sober and enlightened piety, a firm and conscientious and humble belief in the religion of the Gospel, as it was once delivered to the saints, is scarcely professed by any influential portion of the German community. In the Catholic countries, you find, indeed, some show of respect for the forms of the Church; while Catholic divines are, for obvious reasons, less prone to theorize on points of doctrine than Protestants. But even in Catholic countries, the cloven-foot of scepticism is for ever thrusting itself from beneath the priest's robe; while among the Protestants, to believe God's word as it is written, forms the exception to the general rule which Rationalism has established.

I have ventured to describe all this when referring to the state of morals and religion in Prussia, and endeavoured to show, that a denial of the vital principles of the Gospel necessarily produces extreme laxity in the moral conduct. Let it not be supposed that my remarks apply exclusively to the kingdom of Prussia. The following extract from one

of the most influential periodicals of the day, will show, that every where, throughout Germany, the same melancholy spirit prevails; and that they who take the lead in the direction of public opinion, are not ashamed to avow their subjection to it.

"Christianity with us," says the able writer, "seems to stand pretty much in the position of heathenism in the days of Hadrian. As foreign gods were in those days eagerly adopted from all parts of the world, and the countless population of Rome ran after the worship of Egyptian and Syrian idols in rivalry; as the learned found amusement in accommodating their several systems to whatever system of philosophy might chance to be in fashion,—so the Christians of Germany now hover in uncertainty about every different confession of religion that occurs; and generally end without adhering to any. The Catholics take the lead in the progress of modern enlightenment, and become as sober and rational as Protestants; the Protestants begin to apprehend that they have gone

too far, and distrusting the right of private judgment, publicly coquet with Catholic opinions and Catholic forms. The differences between Lutheran and Reformed, are no more mentioned. A swarm of poets and philosophers from Northern Germany, Protestants by lineage, having made a pilgrimage into the Catholic world, become there the most unbending of Ultramontanists; and lead the crusade against their former brethren. While among the Catholics an Anti-celibatist party has arisen, between whom and the Protestants there exists no essential difference. Then we have fashionable philosophies, succeeding one another, or existing together in perfect harmony; and all so flexible, that they can in turn be adapted to the favourite religious creed of the hour, just as easily as they can be made instruments each for the erection of its own religion. And in the midst of all this confusion, the mass of the people are content to rest in indifference, wisely concluding that where one thing is as good as another, it is best to abide by the

religion of their fathers."—*Literatur Blatt, Nov.* 7, 1836.

I could quote many passages from others of the literary journals, all of them illustrative of a similar conviction on the part of the writers; but why should I? The controversies which have raged in Germany ever since the appearance of Strauss's *Life of Jesus,* abundantly bear me out in the views which I have taken; for even those who object to the author's doctrines, are loud in praise of his ingenuity; while not a few ground their objections to his book, rather on the method which he has adopted of enforcing and illustrating his opinions, than on the fatal results to which these opinions necessarily lead.

Again, I have spoken of the Protestant clergy, both in Prussia and Saxony, as of a body of men, who exercise no influence, or next to none, over the moral tone of society. Let it be observed, that my reference is to the *order,* not to individuals belonging to that *order.* A clergyman, distinguished for his

talents and scholarship, commands in Germany, as much respect as if he were a layman: but he commands no more, and the respect is paid, not to his profession, but to his learning. And it is in Germany, as it must ever be in England, and elsewhere, that clergymen so distinguished, bear but a very small proportion to the numbers who have acquired no such distinction. It would be idle, therefore, to meet my reasoning with a parade of six, or eight, or a dozen names, with which all Germany is familiar, and of which I at once acknowledge the eminence. My answer is, I give you all which you have a right to demand, yet hold my own ground: because I can set against your twelve, twelve hundred of whom the world knows nothing; who spend their lives on their rural benefices, after the fashion of him whose *ménage* I have described, and having effected no good, or next to none, in their generation, die, and are forgotten. Is it wise in the civil government of a country to leave its clergy in this state?

When I was in Prussia, the difference between the King and the Archbishop of Cologne had not yet begun to attract general attention. I think that the case in question will hardly be adduced as contradicting my theory. It is very well to say, that the King committed an error when he endeavoured to violate rights which he had previously acknowledged. This may be true, but it is not in this that we must look for the root of the evil. The grand error has been in dealing with the Church of Rome at all, otherwise than in a spirit of wise toleration. For all experience proves, that the Roman Catholic religion, though an admirable engine of government, in the hands of a Roman Catholic ruler, never has been, and never can be, without imminent peril, placed by a ruler who is not Roman Catholic, on a footing of independence towards himself. It is the very genius of Popery that it shall not stop short of universal dominion; and for this it is not to be blamed; seeing that one of the leading tenets in the creed of Rome is, that

there can be no salvation beyond the pale of the Church.

I do not know that there is any other topic on which it will be necesary to touch. I have spoken of the Austrian government as I found it; and of the feelings of the people in Bohemia and Hungary, as they were expressed unreservedly to myself. It is for others to determine whether or not I have employed the language of moderation and impartiality. But of one thing I am quite certain, that in his dealings with the church, as well as with the sectaries which have branched off from it, the policy of Prince Metternich is controlled by marvellous sagacity. There is slender risk of the occurrence in Austria, so long as he shall preside over its destinies, of any such collision between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities as that by which Prussia is now disturbed.

Finally, I have to entreat my reader's pardon for the many and gross typographical blunders which disfigure these pages. Circumstances induced me to intrust the correction

of the proofs to a hand different from my own, while the first volume, and a large part of the second, were going through the press, and the consequences have been, such a long list of errata, as I blush to see. But as these errors affect only the spelling of proper names, by the general reader they will hardly be felt as an incumbrance; and for the rest, as they make absolute nonsense of the passages where they occur, I must bow with submission even if they be charged upon my own ignorance.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME

Chapter I.

Page

Embarkation—Voyage—Ascent of the Elbe—Hamburg—Its General Appearance—Habits of the People—The Exchange—Table d'Hôte—General Observations - - - - - - - 1

Chapter II.

Quit Hamburg—General Appearance of the Country—Mecklenburg-Schwerin—Bautzenburg—The Palace of Ludwigslust—Körner's Monument—Grobow—Cross the Prussian Frontier—Remarkable Contrast between the Two Countries—Spandau: its Fortifications, State Prison, Church, and Crypts—The Palace of Charlottenburg—Approach to Berlin - - - - - 36

Chapter III.

First View of Berlin—The Public Buildings—The Squares—The Palace, Museum, Picture Gallery—The Government of Prussia—Administration of the Laws—Military System—Commercial League 61

CHAPTER IV.

Page

Religion and Morals—State of the Church—System of National Education - - - - - - 97

CHAPTER V.

Potsdam—The Palace—Garrison Church—Sans-Souci—Saxony—The Palace of Moritzburg—First View of Dresden - - - - - - 148

CHAPTER VI.

Dresden—Its Buildings, Streets, and Exhibitions—State of Society—The Revolution of 1830—Its Results—Domestic Habits—Music—Morals—The Church—Commercial Spirit - - - 173

CHAPTER VII.

Saxon Switzerland—Pilnitz—Hohenstein—Schandau—Residence there—Manners of the People—The Public Gardens—Games—Absence of Religious Feeling—Agriculture—National Peculiarities—Form of Worship, and Administration of the Sacrament - - - - - - - - 207

CHAPTER VIII.

Excursions to the Kuhstall—The Bastei—Lilienstein—The Schramstein—Legends connected with these Places - - - - - - - - 247

Chapter IX.

Page

Change of System in Travel—Set out on Foot through the Bohemian Mountains—Hirniskretschen—The Parish Priest—His Style of Living—He becomes our Guide—His Conversation—The Ancient Constitution of Bohemia—Discontent at its Abolition—Existing State of Things—Slender Influence of the Pope—Auffenberg—The Parsonage—The Curate and his Party—Beautiful Scenery—Tetschen - - - 272

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 30, line 15, for *Schloss Heinfeld*, read *Schloss Hainfeld*.
40 ,, 15, from bottom, *for* had been, *read* has been.
64 ,, 15, *dele* us.
129 ,, 3, *for* Wegschneider, *read* Wegscheider.
130 ,, 5 from bottom, *for* Wolf, *read* Wolff.
162 ,, 5, *for* indulged in in this, *read* indulged in this.
208 ,, 18, *for* Lunen, *read* Lohmen.
216 ,, 14, *for* look out up the court-yard, *read* look out upon the court-yard.
247, and wherever else the words occur, *for* Leinienstein and Outwalder Grund, *read* Lilienstein and Ottowalder Grund.
266, ,, 4 from bottom, *for* of the Bastei, *read* from the Bastei.
,, ,, 3 from bottom, *after* sure, *insert* that.
274 ,, 14, and wherever else the word occurs, *for* Riesengebirgen, *read* Riesengebirge.
278 ,, 8, *for* changes, *read* chances.
,, ,, 2 from bottom, *for* Schnee Kupper, *read* Schnee Koppe.
280, and wherever else the word occurs, *for* Tetchen, *read* Tetschen.
284 ,, 3, and wherever else the word occurs, *for* Hernskrietchen, *read* Hirniskretschen.

VOL. II.

Page 2, line 11, *for* gokocht, *read* gekocht.
,, ,, 12, *for* grebraten, *read* gebraten.
15, last sentence, *for* though it inflict a temporary wound upon men's self-love by questioning the powers of discrimination, leaves, at least, *read* though it inflict a temporary wound on men's self-love, by questioning their powers of discrimination, it leaves.
25 ,, 5, *for* the subordinates, *read* their subordinates.
31 ,, 11, *for* nestling back, *read* nestling beneath.
50 ,, 5, *for* he sets the free, *read* he sets thee free.
54 ,, 11, *for* Peter of Prague, *read* Jerome of Prague.
156 ,, 9, *for* groved *read* grooved.

GERMANY, BOHEMIA, AND HUNGARY,

IN 1837.

CHAPTER I.

EMBARKATION.—VOYAGE.—ASCENT OF THE ELBE.—HAMBURG.—ITS GENERAL APPEARANCE.—HABITS OF THE PEOPLE.—THE EXCHANGE.—TABLE D'HÔTE.—GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

On the last day of March, 1837, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock at night, I embarked with my family on board of a steamboat, which lay at her moorings beside the Custom-House wharf, and was to sail at an early hour on the following morning, for Hamburg. Our heavy baggage having been shipped betimes, and other necessary preparations made, the business of adapting ourselves to the circumstances then around us, was neither a tedious nor a troublesome one. The children went at once to bed,—their mother soon followed their example,—the servants disposed of

themselves, I do not know how,—and Mr. Stewart, my son's excellent tutor, walked the deck with me, so long as the objects near supplied food for admiration, or we found in our own converse, matter to interest and amuse. When the former, including a thousand glancing lights from the shore, the occasional passage of a vessel through the forest of masts that hemmed us in, and the bright twinkle of a million of stars over-head, began to pall, and the latter, wearing itself out, flagged and grew dull, we likewise turned our steps towards the companion stair, and creeping into our berths, were soon as indifferent to the world, as if we had ceased to be, in any sense of the term, actors upon its stage.

A voyage from London to Hamburg is scarcely that which any scribbler, however determined, would in this age pause to describe. We experienced the usual alternations of convenience and discomfort,—the former arising from a well-kept table and obliging attendants, the latter occasioned by a stiff breeze from the north-east, of all the winds that blow, to fresh-water sailors the least agreeable. Our fellow

passengers, likewise, were as kind and accommodating as in such a situation we had a right to expect, and comprehended one, at least, from almost every nation under heaven, between the latitudes of North Cape and the Bay of Naples. There were, besides English, Scotch, and Irish, a Dane, a Russian, two Swedes, a citizen of Hamburg, a Mecklenburger, a Prussian, a merchant of Venice, and a Neapolitan. These, associating familiarly together in one small cabin, and often conversing by pairs in half a dozen different languages at the same time, made such of my party as had not previously visited the Continent, aware that a new scene in the great drama of life had opened upon them. Neither must I forget Ishmael Schlevakey, the Polish Jew and smuggler, who, after an exile of several years, was returning to the land of his birth, not without some misgivings as to the truth of a report which had reached him, that for such transgressions as his a general amnesty had been proclaimed. Ishmael was a filthy, squalid creature, with a long, shaggy beard, and a sheep-skin cloak; and as he either could not or would not afford to

pay for a place in the cabin, he sat shivering day and night under the lee of the chimney.

I do not know that I ever beheld a better subject than this Jew for the pencil of one who might wish to delineate on canvass old Isaac of York, as the pen of the mighty magician has described him. There was the same small, twinkling, dark eye, of which Sir Walter speaks, as turning hither and thither perpetually. There was the low and crouching figure, the fawning manner, the eagerness to appear satisfied, the undisguised alarm, as often as allusion was made to the probable contents of a box which was never for a moment permitted to pass beyond his reach,—all these brought back to my recollection the graphic sketch of the Jew, as he is first introduced to the reader's acquaintance in the hall of Cedric.

Moreover, Ishmael, like Isaac, had his better points about him, which were the more striking, because of the contrast which they presented to what may be called the staple of his nature. He would not purchase the convenience of a bed; that was too expensive a luxury for him: he preferred the open air, even at night; and a

cold shoulder of mutton, with a loaf of mouldy bread, both of them brought from London, were all the dainties of which he would partake during the passage. Yet he rejected haughtily the offer of pecuniary assistance which one of the passengers, in the overflowing of a generous heart, would have pressed upon him. With what consummate skill has Scott brought forward a similar trait in the character of Isaac! how broad and clear is the line of distinction which he draws between parsimony, however stringent, and absolute meanness.

For two days and nights the wind blew right a-head, yet we regarded it not. There might be slender consumption of viands in the cabin, but the vessel held her course; and by an early hour in the morning of the 3rd of April, land was in sight. It proved to be the island of Neuwerk, a sterile spot, scarce raised, as it seemed to me, above the surface of the ocean; and containing, as far as I could discern, in addition to the light-house, only a single homestead and a dilapidated redoubt. By-and-by the little town of Cuxhaven made its appearance; and in due time was skirted a stretch of

the Hanoverian shore, low and flat, and covered by a sea-dyke. From that moment till the arrival of the ship at her destination, we were never at a loss for amusement. The lordly Elbe was before us; and in watching the objects which on either hand it introduced to us, all thought of discomfort, now happily removed, was laid aside.

The Elbe, as is well known, though it carry a prodigious body of water into the North Sea, affords but indifferent facilities to navigation, and these limited in their extent. From Cuxhaven to Hamburg, for example, the channel is both intricate and narrow, and beyond Hamburg, vessels of heavy burden cannot proceed. Neither may the scenery of its banks compare for a moment with that of our own Thames, the most uniformly beautiful, perhaps, of all European rivers. Yet is the scene from Gluckstadt upwards exceedingly agreeable. On the Hanoverian side, to be sure, the stranger sees little else than a wide extent of plain, dotted here and there with churches, and well feathered with trees, chiefly pollarded willows. But the side of Holstein is different. First we have

Blackanese, a long, straggling village, which, climbing, as it were, up the face of a range of sand-hills, shows to peculiar advantage from amid the groves of pine and birch that overshadow its roofs. Next, there are villas, gentlemen's seats and hamlets without number, the latter built along the margin of the stream, and on a level with its waters; the former crowning the heights that rise, it may be, a hundred feet or two above. To these succeeds Altona, an old-fashioned and picturesque town; the Ultima Thule, on this side, of Danish territory, and a place of much apparent life and bustle. And last of all, Hamburg itself, separated from Altona only by a creek, with its tall spires, its sharp roofs, its pointed gables, its numerous storehouses, its dwellings, composed partly of brick, partly of timber, its succession of wharfs, and its roadstead crowded with shipping. All these, as one after another they push forward their claims to notice, give to the mind of one who sees them for the first time, ample food for employment, which he relinquishes not without a feeling akin to regret, when the splash of

the anchor from the ship's bow gives notice that the voyage is at an end.

As we ascended the river, we had been struck with certain peculiarities in the working habits, if I may so express myself, of its maritime population. With us, a seaman pulls and hauls, if on board of a man-of-war, to the notes of the boatswain's whistle: if in a merchant-vessel, to the Yo-he-vo of his leader. Here, both sailors and landsmen, animate one another to their tasks, by singing in concert snatches of merry tunes. In like manner, the mode in which the boatmen propel their skiffs, is, on the Elbe, directly at variance with that pursued in England. Our people sit with their faces to the boat's stern, and pull backwards; the northern watermen stand upright, look to the stem, and ply the oar by pushing its handle from them. We found, however, on making trial of their skill, that the Hamburgers were by no means deficient, and that their charges were, at least, as moderate, and their bearing as civil, as those of their brother functionaries in other parts of the world.

There is some show of custom-house vigilance in the port of Hamburg, but it is not vexatious. A guard-ship lies at anchor in the mouth of the creek, which separates the Danish waters from those of the free town, whence revenue officers board the steamer after she is moored, without, however, paying the slightest attention to the passengers or their baggage. These, on the contrary, are permitted to make their own arrangements with the watermen who surround the vessel, and are transported, unquestioned, to a sort of wooden jetty, on which stands a watch-house; where their trunks being counted, are delivered over to them again, on payment of a trifling fee, and an assurance that they contain only private baggage. This done, you ascend an oak staircase, at the summit of which a guard of soldiers is stationed, and find yourself at the lower extremity of a steep, narrow street, crowded with porters and droskies that ply for hire. I need not add that the competition for employment is great; and I know from experience that a trifling disbursement deposits you, with all your chattels, safely and snugly in your hotel.

Among the trading cities of continental Europe, Hamburg, I believe, holds the first rank. I am quite sure that it stands second to none which I, at least, have visited; for everything in and around the place, is redolent of commerce. Out of the hundred and thirty thousand souls that make up the sum of its population, there are probably not five hundred full-grown men who are not, somehow or another, interested in the exchanges. The higher classes are all to be found from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon in their counting-houses; the lower orders act towards these magnates in the capacity of domestic servants, or carry their burdens, or fill and empty their warehouses, or navigate their vessels. The middle ranks are composed exclusively of shopkeepers, clerks, masters of hotels, artisans, ship-captains, and such like. A few professional persons there doubtless are: for a free city could not exist without lawyers to create, and burgomasters to settle disputes; nor might a population so redundant die in peace unless the physician and apothecary were at hand to hurry forward the consummation. But

with the exception of these, the parochial clergy, and a handful of troops barely sufficient to furnish the necessary guards, and these very feeble, you are quite safe in assuming that every person whom you meet, unless like yourself he be a bird of passage, is in some shape or another engaged in trade. The consequences are, first, that the mere traveller will look in vain throughout the city for those resources against *ennui* which it is the privilege of polished idleness, and of it alone, to supply; and, secondly, that unless some strong claim of business or acquaintanceship detain him, he will make his sojourn here as brief as possible. We were not slow in ascertaining that Hamburg could boast neither of choice galleries of paintings, nor of elaborate specimens in architecture or statuary; yet it would be unjust to deny that we spent there some very agreeable days, though we had certainly no wish to enlarge their number.

The house at which we established ourselves, the Hôtel de Russie, stands upon the Yong-fersteig, or Maiden's Walk, a broad avenue, shaded by rows of trees, which skirt the margin

of a lake or basin, that is formed by the damming-up of the river Alster. Thither, in the summer evenings, the *élite* of the Hamburgers repair, to enjoy in the promenade the luxury of cool breezes, while the surface of the water is covered with gaily painted boats, and the air comes back upon them loaded with the sounds of sweet music. Such, at least, was the tale told to us by our cicerone; and I dare say the inferences which he drew from it were perfectly just; but looking at the scene of action on a cold April day, when the snow lay thick under foot, and the trees along the banks were leafless, I confess that it excited in me sensations very different from those with which it was his purpose to impress me. There can, I think, be no greater mistake than the introduction of sheets of water into the heart of cities which do not lie under perpetual sunshine. While the dog-days endure, the eye doubtless loves to rest upon the clear and cool surface even of a horse-pond; but who can abstain from shivering while he hurries, wrapped up in his cloak, along the edge of that same pond in the dead of winter? Now, as the winter in Hamburg hap-

pens to comprise about seven, whilst the summer, and spring, and autumn include barely five months among them, I confess that to me the wisdom and good taste of thus creating a lake in the principal square of the city, appeared to be, in spite of the pride with which the Hamburgers regard it, exceedingly problematical. It is but fair to add, however, that the buildings which surround the lake, are all creditable to the skill of the architect. Those that face the north, though of older date than the rest, are still exceedingly neat; those on the east and west form the commencement of what may be called a new town, and would do no discredit, in point of regularity, to Berlin itself.

From the Yong-fersteig you naturally pass to the Boulevards, or ornamental gardens, which, since the termination of the late war, have arisen on the ruins of bastion and tower. It was a wise, as well as a humane arrangement which took away from Hamburg the unenviable distinction of being ranked among the strong-holds of Europe. So long as she retained that ancient but questionable honour, her citizens were liable, as often as their more pugnacious neighbours

fell out, to be involved in quarrels with which they might have no concern. For it is not, I am afraid, the custom of statesmen, any more than of soldiers, to make much account of individual suffering when aiming at the accomplishment of what they are pleased to consider some great public good. Now, however, the excuse of holding a strong position on the navigable Elbe is taken away; and Hamburg, as an open town, may, and probably will, escape visitations, which, so long as she retained her warlike attitude, were sure to overtake her. And so it ought to be in all similar cases. Large and populous places ought never to be fortified; for, in the first place, it rarely happens that such garrisons can be spared for them as shall render effectual their resistance to an enemy who may have conquered in the field; and, in the next place, it never can happen, that the amount of private calamity sustained during a siege shall not more than counterbalance, in a moral point of view at least, the advantages even of successful resistance. Hamburg herself sufficiently illustrated this truth during the memorable occurrences of 1813. It is well for her that

the temptation to illustrate it again has been taken away.

The Boulevards are exceedingly pretty. Along the summit of the ramparts, over the salient angles of the bastions, and downwards through the ditch to the glacis, trees and shrubs are planted; amid which is drawn an endless variety of walks, that, twisting and turning in every direction, terminate here and there in a bower, a rustic seat, or a summer-house. I cannot add that in any direction the view over the surrounding country is fine. Except where the Elbe sweeps by, and Altona's grotesque buildings attract your attention, you look abroad upon a huge plain, badly cultivated, naturally barren, and in many places swampy. Along the course of the Alster, indeed, there seems to be at once a better soil and a more scientific mode of dealing with it; but even there I saw nothing to call forth a very lively admiration. The scene was everywhere bleak, and cold, and uninviting.

It is not, however, on the Boulevards, nor amid the well-proportioned regularity of the New Town, that the stranger must expect to

form a just estimate of what may be called the characteristic peculiarities of Hamburg. These are to be sought for elsewhere, amid the long, narrow, steep, I had almost said perpendicular streets, in which the wealthy merchants carry on their business; in the antique squares, some of them to all appearance never completed, where dwelt of old her princely burgomasters; by the wharfs and quays along which her cargoes are discharged; and above all, in her Exchange. For it is here that we discover not only evidence of great prosperity at the present moment, but of more than prosperity in the palmy days gone by, when the Hanse Towns took the lead of all Europe in the prosecution of commercial enterprise, and the treasures of the East were poured abundantly into their laps. We often find the task of description the most arduous, when the scenes to be described, whether natural or otherwise, have most delighted ourselves. Yet there is uniformly, in such cases, a disposition to say something; and I, like others in a similar situation, obey but a natural impulse, when I endeavour, however ineffectually, to make a transcript of the feelings

which possessed me while traversing the streets of Hamburg.

We had the good fortune to wander through the old town on a market-day. Crowds of country people, in all manner of grotesque costumes, were there; as well as an endless variety of cooks, handmaidens, and other domestic servants, all of them dressed, according to the fashion of the place, in the very height of the mode. For a domestic servant never goes abroad here except in kid gloves and a lace cap; her solitary badge of office being a cradle-shaped basket, suspended from the left arm. The appearance of these groups interested us much; as did a funeral procession,—an affair entirely different, in all respects, from what one sees in almost any other city of Europe. On such occasions the Hamburgers do not consider themselves bound to mourn, or affect to mourn, in their own proper persons. That is a duty which they discharge by proxy; and there is a distinct order of persons on whom it devolves, as well as a distinct fee to be paid for its performance. The Reisten Dienen, or body-guard of the magistrates, act in the twofold capacity

of mourners at a funeral and jubilators at a wedding. They are in number sixteen, and they dress for each occasion in ruffs, powdered wigs, short cloaks, and swords.

One of the lions of the place to which visitors are invariably conducted, is the church of St. Michael. It is the largest and the oldest church in the city, but it has neither beauty nor any marked peculiarity of style to recommend it; unless, indeed, the prodigious height of the tower, which exceeds that of St. Paul's by nearly one hundred feet, may be so accounted. It is a huge, clumsy mass of red stone; substantial enough to defy, for ages yet to come, the natural operations of decay; yet nowise aided in its powers of endurance by the care that is bestowed upon it. The quantity of broken glass in the windows struck me, indeed, as being quite discreditable; and the air of neglect and squalor which hung round it, both internally and externally, was distressing. I am aware that in Protestant Germany in general, little regard is taken of the neatness of the churches, and that the Germans themselves make very light of the matter. Nor is it, perhaps, quite

fair to draw conclusions that affect the character of a people, from circumstances in themselves so trivial. But one is apt to imagine, that where the outward badges of religion are neglected, religion itself is not very highly accounted of; and where there is no religion—deep, and earnest, and sincere,—it may surely be doubted whether there can be any such thing as sound morality or virtue.

St. Michael's church stands in one of those antique squares, of which I have already spoken; the unpaved, uncultivated area of which is surrounded by houses evidently of a date not later than the middle or end of the fifteenth century. Tall, gable-fronted, grotesque-looking edifices they are, with small, yet highly-decorated windows; the stone mouldings of which give an air of solidity and pretension to the dark red brick-walls on which they are engrafted. The most striking of these front you when you look towards the south, whence also passes a steep and narrow street, which, leading towards the Elbe, introduces you, stage by stage, into all the bustle and hurry of wharfs and storehouses. Moreover as you descend towards the level of

the Elbe, you find that the Dutch are not the only people in Europe, who, either for the convenience of transfer, or because they relish the proximity of water to their dwellings, dig canals in their streets. The Hamburgers, after damming up the Alster, so as to form the lake beside the Yong-fersteig, of which I have spoken, let off its waters through sluices, and causing them first to turn some flour-mills in their course, distribute them by-and-by in minute channels all over the town. There is, however, this difference between the canals in Rotterdam and those in Hamburg: that whereas the former occupy the centre of the way, the latter flank them. Moreover, in Hamburg certain inconveniences attach to the arrangement, which in the towns of Holland are not experienced. There never occurs a flood either in the Alster or the Elbe, whether from the prevalence of westerly winds, or from any other cause, which brings not with it a large amount of suffering to a large amount of the population. For in Hamburg the labouring classes inhabit almost exclusively under-ground cellars in the streets through which the canals pass; and on such

occasions the swollen waters never fail of making their way into the poor people's dwellings. To such an extent are the evils of inundation felt to press, that private beneficence cannot keep pace with it. There is a law, therefore, which compels the inhabitants of the upper stories to give shelter, during the flood, to their humble neighbours, and a tax is levied on the community at large for the purpose of making good to the sufferers what they may have lost by the inundation. All this is very humane as well as politic, but the mischief done to health no pecuniary aid can remove; and it is impossible to provide against the recurrence of the same calamity from time to time, because the surface extent of Hamburg is by no means proportionate to the amount of its population. The poor people having no other habitations to retire to, are obliged to re-establish themselves in their cellars long before they have had time to dry; and fevers, and agues, and catarrhs, and rheumatisms are the inevitable consequence.

After loitering amid these picturesque streets, and living, while so occupied, for times past

rather than for times present, the stranger will be reminded that the great hour of the day is at hand; and that if he desire to become an eye witness of the meeting of merchants in the Exchange, it will be necessary to thread his way back towards the heart of the city. I acted upon the guide's suggestion, of course nothing loth; and was introduced into a hall of large dimensions, the roof of which was supported by numerous pillars, and the walls set around with benches. Closets, or retiring rooms, were about it in great numbers; each shut in by its own partitions and cut off from the great hall by glazed doors; so that the parties engaged within can enjoy all the advantages of private converse, and yet be able to observe the movements of the crowd without. In the hall, likewise, as in our own Exchange in London, each portion of space appeared to be set apart to its legitimate uses. Of the many hundreds that crowded it, from all the nations under heaven, there was not an individual, myself alone excepted, who did not seem to know his own proper place, as well as the stations of those with whom he desired to transact business. There was no confusion, no

jostling, no clamour; but amid a ceaseless buzz of tongues, men passed hither and thither; now halting to confer, now conferring while they walked, and anon returning to their respective stations. I have seldom witnessed a more animated or striking scene;—for the costumes of the traders were as varied as the dialects spoken were numerous, and the spirit of commercial enterprise appeared to be alike powerful in all.

The 'change filled at three as if instinctively; no sooner had the clock struck four, than business entirely ceased. One moment I looked round upon a crowded hall,—the next it was empty. As a matter of course I followed the living stream, which led me first into a little square, where knots and groups still lingered: and by-and-by towards the Börsenhalle,—a sort of club or tontine, which being supported by voluntary subscriptions, is well supplied with newspapers in all languages, and other sources of information. It was thronged with persons, not a few of whom appeared more intent on pushing forward their own schemes, than careful to ascertain how matters stood in other

parts of the world. This was quite natural, but it did not greatly interest me: so instead of lingering to watch the result, I walked back to my hotel, which I reached just in time to take my own proper place, and play my own particular part, in the table d'hôte dinner.

There is no country in the world in which the business of dining is more gravely dealt with than in Germany. There is no city in Germany where men dine with greater zeal than in Hamburg. The affair is, indeed, a momentous one to all concerned; and the deliberation and seriousness with which its details go forward are truly edifying. Figure to yourself, gentle reader, a long table, spread in the centre of an uncarpeted room, with covers for some thirty or five-and-thirty guests, each of whom has a station assigned to him, more or less removed from the chair, according as his sojourn in the hotel may have been more or less protracted. As the clock strikes four, mine host—in this instance a grave portly personage—seats himself at the head of the board; his wife, for such I presume the lady to have been, taking her place at his right hand. A

tureen of soup is then planted before him, from which he proceeds to administer to his guests their respective portions, with all the dignity, and not a little of the patronizing air which marks the bearing of a noble towards his country visitors. The soup is eaten leisurely, and with great relish; the operation being enlivened with much talk concerning money, and the occasional sipping of wine or beer, of which liquors you may or may not partake, without exciting the surprise of any human being, not even of a waiter. This done, and the tureen being removed, there are carried round two dishes of bouille, that is to say, of beef entirely innocent of fat, and boiled to tatters; of which, with the addition of some sour sauce and putrefied cucumbers, the Germans eat greedily, while you, if your gorge revolt from it, must exercise your patience; for it comes alone in its glory. But all things that had a beginning, must likewise have an end. The bouille disappears at last; and there succeeds it a solitary dish of fish, which, after it has stood perhaps a second or two in front of mine host, goes, like its predecessor, the round of the table. It is

not despised by any one, though I do not recollect that either here or at any other table d'hôte, was the same dish eaten of twice, at least by a German. Next comes roast beef, first presented entire, then removed to the sideboard, cut into slices, and handed round. Then follows aplum pudding, and last of all, a haunch of roasted venison, with stewed prunes. Now when it is borne in mind that these various dishes all made their appearance one after the other;—that no vegetables, except cucumbers and sour crout, bore them company; that the guests lingered over their several morsels, as if to enjoy them had been the point towards which, from early dawn, their fondest wishes were turned; that the head-waiter, after seeing that the strangers were helped, sat down at the bottom of the table and helped himself; that beef was succeeded by fish, and plum-pudding by venison, and that to get through the whole occupied a space of not less than two hours and a-half, it is scarcely to be wondered at, if, in the eyes of such as had never witnessed the like before, a table d'hôte dinner at the Hotel de Russie in Hamburg should have appeared pre-eminently

absurd. I have eaten many such meals, both before and since, though never, I think, with a sense of the ludicrous so strong upon me as on that occasion; and I must plead this fact as an apology, if such be needed, to those who, being themselves familiar with the style of tables d'hôte, may be apt to forget that there are others in the world, to whom even this account of it may prove both novel and interesting.

So much for the approved method of dining in one of the best hotels in Germany. Of the order pursued in reference to other matters, equally important, why should I speak? The Germans are for the most part early risers. Even in Hamburg, where men lie late, it is a rare thing to see the blinds of a bedroom window drawn in summer after seven; in winter after eight. No sooner are you astir, however, than the question is put whether you desire breakfast, and your answer in the affirmative is followed by the return of the waiter, who sets before you, on your dressing-table, a single sweet cake or tiny roll, a small China cup, a coffee-pot duly proportioned to it, a few lumps of sugar in a saucer, and in case you have par-

ticularly ordered it, a modicum of milk. Behold your morning's meal, to obtain any enlargement of which will require on your part great care in the specification of your wishes, with perhaps the exercise of a more than moderate degree of patience while waiting their fulfilment. For a German never hurries himself about anything; and to be put out of his way in the arrangement of what he treats as his own domestic concerns, is of all grievances to him the most intolerable. It is true that in Hamburg, and indeed, in most others of the large cities which are much frequented by Englishmen, these difficulties, if such they deserve to be called, may be overcome. But deviate ever so slightly from the great roads, and you will find them insurmountable, at least within the space of time which business or pleasure is apt to leave at your disposal while passing hurriedly from one point of attraction to another.

In spite of their extreme moderation in the affair of breakfast, it must not, however, be imagined that the Germans are small eaters. The cup of coffee and morsel of dry bread alluded to above, serve but as a whet for a more

substantial meal; which about the hour of ten, makes its appearance, among the poor in the shape of a second supply of bread and coffee, among the rich under the guise of a solid meat luncheon. Then comes, except in Hamburg, Vienna, Munich, and one or two places besides, where they dine late, the dinner at twelve or one o'clock, a meal which rarely fails to carry the German forward to the hour of three; and which, being concluded with a cup of coffee, sends him back, if a man of business, to his counting-room,—if a mere lounger, to his pipe or cigar, or his game at cards, or his siesta. The play or opera succeeds at six, and at eight or nine there is a hot supper, with all the accompaniments of wine, and beer, and comfits. Finally the pipe is resumed,—that indispensable requisite to a German's existence, which he plies during his busiest, not less zealously than in his idlest hours, and scarcely lays aside even in places of public amusement. In Hamburg, this is remarkably the case, as we had occasion to observe, in passing the doors of two concert rooms on our way to the theatre. Sweet sounds came forth from a dense cloud of tobacco-smoke;

nay, so inveterate is the habit with some, that they never lie down without carrying their meershaums along with them, and so smoke themselves, ultimately, to sleep.

Talking of sleep reminds me, that as yet I have said nothing descriptive of the wooden boxes, which throughout the whole of Germany, as well as very generally in Hungary, do duty as bedsteads. It is not necessary that I should supply the omission; for in every set of what are called Dutch toys, an accurate model of the implement is to be found; and were the case otherwise, Captain Hall has already forestalled me. I think, indeed, that the gallant author of *Schloss Heinfield* is too severe upon these simple couches. For my own part, I found them exceedingly comfortable; and if at first the covering of a feather-bed perplexed me a little, use and wont, in this, as in other cases, fulfilled their end; and I learned ere long to sleep under my mountain of down quite as soundly as when covered up in Holland sheets and Witney blankets.

Hamburg, as I need scarcely observe, is a free town, that is to say, it possesses the right

of self-government, and retains the privilege, as a portion of the German Confederation, of giving a fragment of a vote at all general meetings of the Diet. Its affairs, whether fiscal, commercial, or judicial, are managed by an executive senate, and a legislative council; the former consisting of thirty-six members, elected for life; the latter of citizens, chosen out of three colleges, to represent the body of the people. In the senate, twenty-eight members only have individual votes, of which four are burgomasters; the rest,—four syndics, one prothonotary, one archivarius, and two secretaries,—are mere officers of the court, who may advise, but possess no right of decision. As far as I could judge from a few days' residence among them, the Hamburgers enjoy an ample share of personal liberty. Foreigners are required, indeed, to produce their passports, and the surveillance of the police is said to be strict; yet men appear to occupy themselves unquestioned, in any way which is not hurtful to their neighbours, and the streets are open to them at all hours, both by night and day. I have heard it whispered, that Prussia keeps a firm

hold upon the neck of this petty republic. It may be so, but sure I am that among the Hamburgers themselves there is no apparent jealousy of Prussia; for even in reference to the great commercial league, of which Prussia is the pulse and heart, they have refused to be guided by her wishes. Moreover, there is a power, nearer at hand, of which they have more cause to be afraid: I allude to Denmark, whose hostile feeling scarce assumes the pretext of a disguise, and from whose aggressions they look to Prussia as both able and willing to protect them. For Denmark has long been anxious to turn the tide of northern commerce into her own ports, and to accomplish that object would absorb Hamburg altogether, were she not deterred by the single but most effective consideration, that the other states of Europe will not permit the wrong. Accordingly, she uses her best endeavours to annoy where she is without strength sufficient to oppress. Enclosing the free town on all sides, except where the waters of the Elbe afford a passage, she takes care that the roads through these portions of her territory shall be of the worst description. More-

over Denmark is near at hand, while Prussia lies comparatively at a distance; and, with states as well as with individuals, it not unfrequently happens, that a too close proximity nourishes any feeling rather than that of cordial regard.

Of the state of society in Hamburg I am scarcely entitled to speak, having seen few specimens of it, and these very hurriedly. I should say, however, that the citizens, whether natives or foreigners, are much given to hospitality. That, though devoting their best energies to trade, as to a business, their minds are yet open to pleasurable emotions; that their tastes are more jovial than refined, their hearts more warm than their notions of decorum are rigid. In particular I am inclined to suspect that the passion for gaming prevails largely among them, and that their ideas concerning the domestic duties, which with us are regarded as sacred, do not come up to the highest point in the moral standard. That they are fully alive to the claims of the suffering and indigent is, however, proved by the munificence with which they support their Great Hospital, a noble establishment in the

suburb of St. George, where some thousands of sick are constantly lodged and cared for; while in the Orphan Asylum not fewer than six hundred children are reared, that they may be put out, when of sufficient age, as apprentices to different useful trades.

The Hamburgers are justly proud of the honour which attaches to their city as the birthplace of Klopstock; and they take great delight in showing you, both the house in which he died, and his tomb, in a grave-yard outside the walls, in that strip of neutral ground called Hamburgerburg, which divides the free town from Altona. Here also is a monument to the citizens who fell in 1813-14, during the memorable siege under Davoust. But enough of this first stage in a progress which, for a time at least, it is my purpose to sketch very rapidly, partly because the ground has been repeatedly trodden by others, partly because my personal opportunities for collecting fresh information were not great. When, then, I state that the population of Hamburg is of the most motley description, including, by a recent census, upwards of six thousand Jews;

that the English take the lead in affairs of fashion; that their language is generally understood, and not rarely spoken; and that there needs but an introduction to one in order to secure a hospitable reception from the whole body, I shall have said quite as much as my own inclinations prompt me to say,—and more, perhaps, than may be acceptable to my reader. So here I close the chapter.

CHAPTER II.

QUIT HAMBURG.—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTRY. — MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN. — BAUTZENBURG. — THE PALACE OF LUDWIGSLUST.—KÖRNER'S MONUMENT. —GROBOW.—CROSS THE PRUSSIAN FRONTIER.—REMARKABLE CONTRAST BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES.—SPANDAU: ITS FORTIFICATIONS, STATE PRISON, CHURCH, AND CRYPTS.—THE PALACE OF CHARLOTTENBURG.—APPROACH TO BERLIN.

At seven o'clock, on the morning of April the 6th, we set out for Berlin in two carriages, with the proprietors of which I had made my bargain overnight. This mode of travelling is called houdering, and to those who are encumbered, as on the present occasion I chanced to be, with a large following of children and domestics, it is at once the most convenient and the most economical that can be adopted. Your voiturier agrees to furnish for each vehicle as many horses as you may consider necessary; though in general it will be found that two are quite sufficient. He pledges himself, moreover, to deliver you, against an appointed

day, at your place of destination; and settles before-hand the various points at which you shall halt, *en route*, for meals and sleeping. On the other hand, you promise to pay, on arrival, a fixed sum as the hire of the said horses, as well as a drink-gelt, or driver's fee, to the coachman; and if you are prudent, you insert a stipulation, that in case you may desire to alter your plans on the road, the voiturier shall be bound to accede to your wishes. It is, of course, good policy on your part to behave towards your coachman with liberality. It is in all cases a mark of wisdom not less than of generosity, to be kind to those on whose services you depend. Men in general, and Germans in particular, are much more easily led than driven; and callous as the class of whom I am now speaking almost unavoidably become, even they are not insensible to the influence of schnaps and hot suppers.

The morning though dull was fine, and the air sharp and bracing, when our well-loaded vehicles began to move at the steady and deliberate rate which German houderers can rarely be prevailed upon to exceed. So long as our

journey lay through the petty territory of Hamburg, we maintained this jog-trot easily enough; no sooner had we passed the frontier than the effects of Danish jealousy became apparent, and even we admitted that to put the horses out of a walk would have been cruel. There was absolutely no road at all, but a mere track,—a sort of line drawn by the passage and repassage of carriages, which was distinguished from the champaign only by the many and deep ruts into which our wheels sank at times almost to the axletree. Neither would it be easy to imagine a more desolate and cheerless scene than that which lay around us. We were traversing a huge plain of bleak, bare, barren, irreclaimable sand;—scantily clothed at remote intervals with stunted firs and heather, and scarcely relieved by the ranges of low hills, which here and there broke in upon, but could not destroy its monotony. Not that even in this huge desert, green spots failed occasionally to intervene. I dare say that if we had stumbled upon these in any other corner of the globe, we should have passed them by altogether unheeded; yet such

is the effect of contrast that here and there a wretched hamlet, with its half-cultivated fields and humble church, cheated us into feelings almost akin to admiration. This was particularly the case at a point where the Elbe, making a detour to the left, approached so near to what must, I presume, be called the road, that we were tempted to quit our carriages and walk across the fields, in order to stand upon the summit of its precipitous bank. Just under that bank, in a sort of recess of nature's formation, lay a village,—one of the prettiest things which I have seen in the north of Germany. Indeed, the whole scene gratified us much; for a fine river is a redeeming feature in any landscape, and the Elbe is here both broad and rapid, albeit very dark and dingy in the hue of its waters.

Our journey this day was fatiguing, and the impression left upon our minds at its close was not agreeable; for though few signs of absolute mendicancy were presented to us, the air of the country was that of one where the whole population is poor. Towards evening, indeed, this latter impression became less painful,

when, late in the afternoon, we crossed the frontier-line, and for an hour or two travelled through the territories of the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Our halting-place was Bautzenburg, a small town upon the Elbe; concerning which I find no other memoranda in my diary than that we received a visit at our inn from certain officers of customs and police, who treated us with great civility, and scarce examined our passports. In like manner the occurrences of the following day require but a narrow space to record them. There had fallen some snow in the night, and the clouds were loaded with more when we set out, yet was our progress both more rapid and our enjoyment of travel greater than it had previously been. Nothing could exceed the excellence of the macadamized road under our horses' feet. No district under heaven could exhibit stronger proofs of the diligence, and even skill, which had been bestowed upon its cultivation. The soil was not naturally rich; on the contrary, it appeared to partake very much of the nature of the track which we had left behind; yet it bore everywhere marks of the plough, and the

farm-yards that surrounded the houses of the cultivators were tolerably well stocked. It may not be amiss if I relate, that in Mecklenburg-Schwerin the system of farming which prevails in Austria, and did not long ago prevail in Prussia likewise, is unknown. Many proprietors reside here upon their estates, where they devote themselves to agriculture as to a business; whilst of tenants, properly so called, there is no lack; some of them in the occupation of holdings, which, in point of magnitude, would not disgrace the farmers of the Lothians themselves.

We passed to day, on our route to Grobow, where it had been determined to spend the night, two objects which interested us a good deal, though the interest created by the one was very different in its nature from that excited by the other. Close to the town of Ludwigslust is a palace belonging to the Grand Duke of Mecklenberg-Schwerin, which, except that it had been planted too near to the public road, might be mistaken for the seat of some nobleman or country gentleman in England. It is a plain, neat, unassuming mansion, ap-

proached by an avenue of umbrageous elms, and surrounded by a park, such as one rarely sees attached even to a royal residence in Germany. I learned from my voiturier that it contained a cabinet of pictures, as well as a collection of Sclavonic antiquities of some value; but we did not stop to examine them, for the weather threatened a storm, and we were fearful of being detained. We therefore passed on, and in due time approached the village of Wöbbelin, near to which a cast-iron monument covers the remains of Körner, on the spot where, in 1813, he fought and fell.

The career of that young and ardent spirit is too well known to require that I should pause to describe it in detail. A native of Dresden, where his father held the situation of councillor of appeals in the electoral court, Charles Theodore Körner received his early education partly at the Cross-schul, partly under the care of private tutors; from whose hands he passed, at the age of seventeen and a half, into the Mining Academy at Freyberg. This was in 1808, and he pursued his studies there as a miner for two years, at the end of which he travelled

with his parents through Bohemia, Lusatia, and Silesia, and then repaired to Leipsig; of which university he became a member. But Körner's genius had by this time so entirely developed itself, that the idea of entering him into the Society of Miners was laid aside. In 1811 he removed to Berlin. In the autumn of the same year he passed to Vienna, and, being already well known as a dramatic writer, he was hailed with boundless respect, and appointed poet to the court theatre. The duties of that office he continued to discharge, with what effect the readers of his works can judge; till, in the beginning of 1813, Germany awoke as from a sleep, and her sons took up arms to deliver her. It is still acknowledged,—at the moment it was proudly declared,—that, in stirring up the spirit of resistance to a foreign yoke, Körner was largely instrumental. He had long seen and lamented the oppression of his father-land, and now he struck his lyre to a strain, which was felt and responded to in every corner of Germany. The peasant sang his songs in the tap-room of the ale-house; the noble listened to them in

his hall of state; and one and all made them their war-cry, when those banners were unfurled which were not to be hidden again from the eye of heaven till Germany should be free. Nor was Körner satisfied merely to excite others by the power of his minstrelsy. In March, 1813, he joined the free corps of Major Von Lutzow, as a volunteer; and on the 24th of April following, was, by the acclamations of his comrades, advanced to the rank of lieutenant. His bravery was equal to his enthusiasm. He fought for his country and he died for it. On the 26th of August, while pressing upon the rear-guard of the French near Rosenberg, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, he received a musket-ball in the spine, and almost instantly expired. His monument distinguishes the spot where that noble spirit went out.

Körner was one of those sublimated and enthusiastic geniuses which seem peculiar to the soil of Germany, and of Germany alone. His patriotism was, without doubt, sincere; yet it was that of the creature of absolute romance. Everything that he saw was seen through the medium of an excited imagination; every feel-

ing of his soul resolved itself into the ideal. The odes which he addressed to his sword and to his musket were, without doubt, treated by himself as communications made to things that could receive and understand them. His fatherland was not the Germany which we behold,—the home of many solid virtues, doubtless, but of many vices too,—but a paradise upon earth, within which all that is noble and great in human nature has been concentrated. What cared he whether its rulers were just and its people free and happy, or the reverse? it was the land of his birth, which his imagination endowed with every imaginable excellence, both material and spiritual. He saw it overrun by foreign armies, and he devoted himself to become its deliverer. He did contribute more than any other individual to the accomplishment of that holy object, and he died just as the certainty of an ultimate triumph was made manifest. It was well for his renown that he did so. Had he lived in these days, or survived the war of deliverance a very few years, it is more than probable that his enthusiasm would have run a less healthy course. His was precisely the sort of mind

on which the theories of the mystics would have made a deep impression; and in this case he would have become as dangerous an enemy to the real well-being of his country, as in its hour of deepest need he proved the reverse.

Körner's works are in the hands of everybody, and do not require that I should criticise them. His minor pieces have the stamp of true genius upon them, with a rare exemption from the faults that attach to the lyrical efforts of his countrymen in general. I allude particularly to the collection called the Lyre and Sword, (*Leyer und Schwert,*) the whole of which is excellent. Of his dramas so much cannot be said in praise; though these also, when we recollect the extreme youth of the writer, are wonderful. But I must not forget that the ground on which I am treading has been trodden by multitudes before me, or that, in pausing to speak even of the mighty dead, I run some risk of drawing too much upon the patience of the living. I return, therefore, to my journal.

We slept that night at Grobow, an old town, which bears about it the marks of former pros-

perity, but is now gone utterly to decay. Besides the remains of some extensive tan-pits, one or two store-houses were pointed out to us as the receptacles of butter, which is brought in large quantities from the surrounding districts, and sold at the fairs which occur six times in every year. In other respects we found but images of poverty and desolation everywhere. A large church, neglected and cold; thoroughfares choked up with filth; houses, some of them in a state of absolute dilapidation; and streets, where there was no bustle of living things, combined to give me the idea of a place over which the calamity of war had lately swept. Yet was the inn by no means a despicable station. The beds were good, the host civil, and the cuisine very tolerable; so that, when once fairly housed, we had no other ground of complaint than originated in our apprehensions as to the results of the morrow.

The snow was falling fast when we lay down; the face of the country was covered with it when we rose again; and the roads proved to be, as we expected to find them, deep and

heavy. We were, at Grobow, little more than a German mile from the Prussian frontier; yet two hours of hard tugging were required to carry us clear of the dominions of the grand duke. At last, however, the task was accomplished; and the effect of a process so simple as the crossing of the imaginary line which divides the two countries was such, as even at this distance of time I find it impossible to describe. It had not struck me while traversing the grand duchy, that it exhibited any startling signs of mismanagement on the part of the government. The towns, to be sure, were mean, and commerce seemed to be neglected; but agriculture was carefully attended to,—and if there was little show anywhere, either of enterprise or wealth, of squalid poverty no specimens had met us. From the instant that our carriage-wheels touched the soil, of which the black eagle that surmounts an obelisk of granite seems to be the guardian, we felt as if we had entered upon a new state of society. The villages through which we passed were all of them neat and clean,—the towns bustling and prosperous. Everywhere new buildings were

in progress. We felt, indeed, that we were in a land where the government was strong, for soldiers and revenue-officers swarmed round us; but we saw likewise that the strength of the government was exerted, to promote what it believed to be the best interests of the people. From the border-line of Prussia all the way to the capital, and from the capital till you touch the border-line again, there is no such thing as languor in any department. Fields admirably tilled bespeak an industrious peasantry, shops well supplied and well frequented, testify to the presence of a spirit of commerce; nay, the very excess of uniforms, though at first it may startle, if it fail to offend, the English traveller, is not without its influence in commanding at least his respect. He sees that the country is not only great and prosperous, but that its rulers are determined to keep it so.

About half-way between Grobow and Warnow,—close beside the obelisk just alluded to, stands the custom-house,—a large brick building which faces the main road, and is fronted by a row of dwelling-houses, in which the revenue-officers reside. Here we were, of course, sub-

jected to an examination, which, though strict, was conducted with the utmost civility and good humour. No article belonging to us was condemned; and of the trifling duty which I was required to pay upon some writing-paper which I had brought with me from England, I could not possibly complain. I think that the sum total of the charge amounted to twelve good groschens, or eighteen pence of our money. To be sure, the searchers having discovered among our baggage a dozen or two of silver forks and spoons, hesitated for a moment as to passing them; and a piece of silk patch-work with which Mrs. Gleig was accustomed to amuse herself, gave them marked uneasiness. Yet, in both instances, the better feeling ultimately prevailed, and our property was restored to us. Then came the task of repacking, which the disbursement of a couple of dollars among the attendants rendered both expeditious and convenient, and in half an hour from the period of our first detention, we were once more *en route*.

I have nothing to relate of this day's journey, except that it was in every respect toilsome

and comfortless. We had hoped, by reaching Kyritz, to bring ourselves that night within an easy march of Berlin; but the elements proved more potent than our wishes, and we were compelled to stop short at Kletzke. In like manner our progress on the day following was most unsatisfactory. The horses knocked up,—there were no fresh animals to be hired, and we were reduced to the necessity of finding rooms at the inn of Friesach, which was crowded with travellers, impeded like ourselves by the snow-storm, and some of them, if we might judge from the broken vehicles that cumbered the yard, not likely to escape even on the morrow. Yet even to us the morrow brought its own difficulties. We became fairly imbedded in the snow; our jaded animals refused to exert themselves further, and night was approaching. Had such a calamity overtaken us in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg, it is more than probable that we should have found it without remedy; but in Prussia, of which the roads, like everything else, are taken care of by the government, help was not far to seek. There had come forth from all the towns and villages

near, crowds of country-people, whose business it was to keep the communications open: and a portion of these beholding our plight, made haste to succour us. We were dug out, and went on our way rejoicing. Yet was it hopeless to think of reaching Berlin that night, though now little more than ten English miles a-head of us. We were glad to halt in Spandau, which we did not reach till near midnight; and very thankful were we for the exclusive possession of a ball-room, where, after swallowing some coffee, the only refreshment that could be procured, we slept in our clothes on mattresses that were spread for us along the floor.

Spandau, the scene of Baron Trenck's captivity, and the ancient residence of the electors of Brandenburg, was not to be passed through without, at least, some cursory examination. We were, therefore, afoot with the early dawn, and putting ourselves under the guidance of a waiter, perambulated some of the principal streets, besides visiting the great church of St. Nicholas. The former are clean, airy, and spacious, in spite of the disproportionate height

to which the houses on each side are carried; the latter, constructed about the middle of the sixteenth century, is more rich in monuments than conspicuous for the knowledge of his art displayed by the architect. The monuments in question consist chiefly of the effigies of warriors and dames, who in the season of their mortality were in some way or another connected with the town. They occupy niches in the walls, and look grimly down upon you as you pass; the knights arrayed in their panoplies of steel,—the ladies attired after the fashion of the age in which they lived. Yet they are not the only, nor the most affecting tributes, which in this church the living have paid to the memory of the dead. I saw, hung upon the walls in different places, small glazed caskets, within which were deposited toys of various kinds; and I ascertained on inquiry that they had belonged to children, now buried underneath, and that the parents of the little ones had so placed them as the best and most appropriate memorials that could be devised of the innocence of their offspring.

The churches of the Protestants, in many

parts of Germany, are scarce more free than those of the Roman Catholics, from objects which to the eyes of our own more zealous reformers took the hue of abominations. In particular the crucifix occupies a conspicuous position in all of them; and is not unfrequently executed in a style so severe, as to excite almost every feeling except that of devotion. The good people of Spandau are not, in this respect, behind any other fabricators of horrors with whom I have chanced to make acquaintance. A colossal image of the crucified Redeemer is suspended against one of the central pillars, with every wound marked in the broadest manner, and an expression of acute bodily suffering given to the face, which affects you with horror, not unallied to disgust. What a mistake is here. Our own places of worship may be, and perhaps are, too barren of ornament; for it is useless to deny that even our devotional feelings are advantageously acted upon by the happy exercise of skill both in painting and music; but surely nothing can be more hostile to the sort of piety that elevates and refines, than such spectacles as this. For he who can

look on them without loathing, must have grown utterly callous; and neither callousness nor a sense of disgust, are allied to devotion. Nor is it only thus that in Germany, and indeed all over the continent, your cicerones of churches trifle with the best feelings of our nature. Relics of all sorts are odious,—whether they be presented in the shape of a decayed coffin, or come to you in the form of mouldering bones, or time-worn shreds of apparel. But the dried corpses, to an inspection of which it is the pleasure of our continental neighbours to treat their visitors, are disgusting in the extreme. To day, for example, we were carried, *nolentes volentes*, into a vault where coffins of all shapes and sizes lay about in most admired confusion; and the lids of one or two being lifted, we beheld the shrivelled remains of what had been, a hundred and fifty years ago, creatures of like passions and feelings with ourselves. I did not find much amusement in this exercise; no, not even when the sextoness, pointing out to me a lady who in her day had been the flower of the electoral court, made me remark that though the face was shrunk to a mummy,

the raven hair still fell luxuriantly over all that remained of her bosom and shoulders.

Spandau, in the time of the great Frederic, was, and still continues to be, the state prison of Prussia. It is strongly fortified, and may at any moment be covered from a hostile approach by letting out the waters of the Havel and the Spree, which meet under its walls. Being filled with troops, it has more the air of an enormous barrack than of a town, and is, in point of fact, so regarded. For I need not observe, that in Prussia the deference paid to military rank is excessive. I had not time to inspect either the citadel or the penitentiary, though both are deserving of notice; the former on account of its position, in an island of the Spree,—the latter, partly because it is said to be managed with exceeding skill, partly because of the associations to which it must unavoidably give rise. The connexion between a palace and a prison is sometimes intimate enough; but it does not often happen, as has occurred in the present instance, that a building which used to accommodate a regal household, is converted into a place of confinement for five or six hundred criminals.

Spandau is distant from Berlin about two German or ten English miles, which, as the road is excellent, may be accomplished with ease, under ordinary circumstances, in a couple of hours. Our rate of travelling was not, however, so expeditious; for the snow still lay thick upon the ground, and we could not think, even in such a season, of passing Charlottenburg by, wholly unnoticed. Of the taste with which the pleasure-gardens have been laid out, it is impossible for me to speak. I saw the Spree, indeed, glancing here and there amid umbrageous groves; but it looked cold and cheerless,—while of the walks that are described as meandering along its banks, not so much as the outline could be followed. In like manner the broader avenues held out no temptations to traverse them; for the road was muddy and cold under-foot, and the canopies over-head were leafless. But of the palace itself, I can testify that it answers in all respects to the description which has been given of it by one with whose powers of dealing in such cases I am not desirous of bringing my own into competition. The favourite summer residence of

the present king, as it was the home of his late amiable and high-minded consort, no pains have been spared to adapt it, as far as a palace ever can be adapted, to the plain yet elegant taste which in his retirement Frederic William loves to indulge. State rooms, it doubtless contains, all of them fitted up with great magnificence,—and two, the China room, and the chapel, quite perfect in their degree. But in the king's private apartments everything is arranged on a scale of simplicity, which bespeaks a mind too well regulated not to find within itself purer and better sources of enjoyment than those which the great world can supply.

I need not speak of the gem in this casket of beauties,—Rauch's exquisite monument of Queen Louisa,—a princess whose misfortunes not less than her virtues, will long be remembered in the land of her adoption. A figure, as large as life, reposes on a marble sarcophagus, within a little Doric temple in a retired part of the garden, of which the attitude is easy, graceful, and natural, and the expression on the countenance not "of cold chill death, but of undisturbed repose." Nothing can be more

perfect, because more touching, than the effect produced by such an effort of genius. There is no inscription on the tomb,—no wordy record of the virtues of the deceased, or the grief of the survivor. The statue tells its own tale; and cold and unfeeling must be the nature of him who fails to understand and be moved by it. Even the mausoleum, of polished granite, has about it an air of melancholy; for which you are willing to believe that you have discovered an adequate cause only when the castellan makes you aware of the uses to which it has been applied. We lingered long and sadly within its area, and quitted it at length with hearts softened, and therefore not unimproved by the exercise.

From the moment of your arrival in Charlottenburg, you feel that you are approaching the capital of a great country. There is an air of elegance, a character of aristocracy about the village, which it is impossible to mistake, and which suffers no diminution throughout the remainder of your short journey. The road, which is perfectly straight, runs through a succession of groves, dotted at brief intervals with

villas and country-houses; while here and there a cluster of ornamented cottages stand forward, to speak of something more than a mere competency as appertaining to their occupants. Moreover, the traffic along the chaussee gathers power at every step. Handsome équipages begin to meet and to pass you; detachments of cavalry are on the march, and the very pedestrians wend on their way like men whose anticipations, or their memories, are busy. Finally, the Thiergarten on the one hand, and the grand parade on the other, close you in, and suggest that an important stage in your progress has been accomplished. At the termination of the long vista which is formed by the plantations that shelter them, the eye obtains its first glimpse of that for which it has long been seeking, and rests with delight on the beautiful Brandenburg Gate, by which, from this side, Berlin is entered.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST VIEW OF BERLIN.—THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—THE SQUARES.—THE PALACE, MUSEUM, PICTURE GALLERY. —THE GOVERNMENT OF PRUSSIA.—ADMINISTRATION OF THE LAWS.—MILITARY SYSTEM.—COMMERCIAL LEAGUE.

It would be difficult to conceive a more imposing spectacle of the kind, than is brought in a moment before the gaze of the stranger, who for the first time enters the Prussian capital, from the side of Charlottenburg. Situated in a dead level, and overshadowed by plantations and groves, Berlin is completely hidden from you till you have passed the barrier; when you are introduced all at once to a scene, of the gorgeous magnificence of which, no one, till he shall have thus made acquaintance with it, may hope to form a conception. Your carriage having passed beneath the span of the gateway, which not being arched, produces a two-fold striking effect, halts at the barrier guard-house, and so enables you to look forth upon the entire extent of the Unter den Linden,—the

street within which all that is fine in the architectural adornment of the city, has, whether purposely or not, been concentrated. Here, on either side of a broad space, which double rows of lime-trees divide into five separate avenues, are houses, each of which might be mistaken for a palace,—not lofty,—for there is no house in Berlin, the height of which exceeds three stories, —but wide, spacious, and open-fronted;—built with just enough of uniformity to show that the architect of each was not left to indulge his own unfettered humours, yet completely exempt from that sameness which, if too closely observed, never fails to displease and to fatigue. Moreover, at the far extremity of the vista are seen, the massive Schloss, the light and beautiful colonnade of the Museum, the main-guard-house —an admirable specimen of architectural elegance, the Italian Opera, and the University. Nor is the eye soon tired of examining the Brandenburg Gate itself, with its noble pillars, its chaste masonry, and the pure and classical group which crowns it,—Victory, in her car drawn by four finely-executed horses, and bearing aloft in her hand the Prussian eagle,

surmounted by the iron cross. I need scarcely add, that this exquisite group having been removed by Napoleon to Paris, was, on the turn in the tide of his fortunes, reclaimed by its rightful owners; who, to commemorate their triumph, added to the principal figure the emblems which she now carries, and from which the Prussians do not imagine that she can ever again be separated.

Such is the impression produced by a first view of Berlin, as it is presented to you from the Brandenburg gate,—an impression far surpassing that which I, at least, have received from my introduction into any other of the capitals of Europe. It is necessary to add, that a more intimate acquaintance with the city, does not by any means realise the expectations which have thus been excited. On the contrary, you are not slow in discovering that once out of the line of the Unter den Linden, and all that is really magnificent in the place has been left behind. It is true that in the Gens-d'Armes Platz there are the theatre and two churches, all of them effective, and the two latter gorgeous. Yet the eye has already begun

to tire of the perpetual recurrence of Ionic pillars, and there is positively no other style than the Ionic, in Berlin. In like manner the squares, though by the Prussians themselves highly esteemed, present few features of attraction,—at least to an Englishman. The houses, to be sure, are for the most part handsome enough; and if there be a good deal of sameness in the constant repetition of expansive fronts, and crowded windows, at least there is perfect regularity, and a total absence of constraint. Nevertheless the spaces within being entirely destitute of ornament,—there being neither shrub, nor tree, nor even grass-plat, on which to rest us, as a centre,—you are conscious while looking round, of a strong sense of the mean; and you go away wondering how, in a place where so much has been done for effect, the object sought to be attained could have been sacrificed to an omission at once so palpable and so easily supplied. Take as an illustration of my meaning the following sketch of the Wilhelmplatz,—decidedly the finest, as well as the most fashionable square in the city.

I do not know what may be the exact dimen-

sions of the Wilhelmplatz; but it struck me as inclosing about as much of space as Berkley Square, in London. Here dwell princes of the blood, with others of the most illustrious of the Prussian nobility; and here, as a necessary consequence, each separate mansion may well take rank among the palaces. Moreover, in the Wilhelmplatz have been set up not a few of the tributes which Prussia has paid to the memories of her favourite heroes; so that the stranger sees collected together the statues of Zeithen, Keith, Seidlitz, Schwerin, Winterfield, Blucher, Bulow, and Gnesnau. Blucher and Bulow have, to be sure, other and better monuments in the bronze statues by Rauch, which stand near the main-guard; yet are they in the Wilhelmplatz also, which thus contains effigies of the most renowned chiefs, as well of the Seven Years' War, as of the more recent War of Deliverance. Such a square, and so ornamented, ought, one would suppose, to excite only one feeling,—that of admiration. But it is not so. The stranger observes, to his sorrow, that there are no flagged trottoirs skirting the streets; that the streets themselves are

wretchedly paved; and that, within the line of statues there is a large parallelogram of loose sand, where grooms exercise their masters' horses, all day long. Not a morsel of grass is there, by resting on which the jaded eye may find repose; and hence, after a hasty glance round, you turn away disappointed, as you would from an enormous riding school. And so it is in all the rest of the squares. Perfectly flat, they lie out before you, like recently enclosed portions from a sandy desert, on which, as there has not been time to try experiments, so no improvements have been effected.

Berlin, as we now find it, owes its existence entirely to the will of Frederic the Great. It arose, too, with the rapidity of thought; for Frederic was not accustomed to brook delay in the execution of his orders; and what he said ought to be done, was always done quickly. A certain extent of country having been marked out, the people were told that there the capital of Prussia should be,—and there it accordingly is. But one effect, among others, of so much military haste was this,—that, distrusting their ability to stock the new city with an adequate

supply of inhabitants, they who planned made it what it is, a city of vacant spaces. Streets remarkable for their length and width, and skirted by houses which extend their fronts like a regiment which has wheeled into line, after losing its distances in the march, bear testimony to the fact, that there is at least one capital in Europe which stands free from the offence of over-population. Again, Berlin is remarkable, above all the European capitals which I have visited, for the absence of attractive shops, and the air of universal indolence that hangs over it. In the old town, indeed the ancient abode of the Electors, men do move about as if they had an object in moving; and along the banks of the Spree, which divides the old town from the new, there is some show of business; for even the odd-looking flat-bottomed boats which navigate that river, require the hand of man to load and discharge their cargoes. But elsewhere, whether you pass to the right or to the left, you find yourself,—away from the magnificent Unter den Linden,—in solitude. No carriages rattle past; no waggons drag their dull lengths along; no pedes-

trians jostle you. To the extent of a mile you may gaze along a street, regular as a canal in Holland, and not less level, without being able to detect, in all its extent, half a dozen living creatures.

I am not going to describe, nor even to enumerate, the various objects, towards which the stranger, after having taken off the keen edge of his curiosity, will, as a matter of duty, direct his attention. Among these will, of course, be numbered the Schloss, or Palace; a pile more remarkable for its extent than its elegance; with its state rooms, and gallery, and cabinets of odds and ends, including a waxen image of the great Frederic, clothed in the uniform which he wore while living, and seated in the very chair in which he died. Beside him, on a table, lie two or three books, his flute, his walking-cane, and pocket-handkerchief,—the latter a filthy rag, patched and darned in many places, yet every way worthy of the coat to which it used to be appended. In the same apartment are exhibited the model of a windmill, constructed by the hands of Peter the Great; the decorations presented to Napo-

leon by the various sovereigns of Europe, among whom the king of England was not one; his hat, captured, like these baubles, during the flight from Waterloo, when his carriage, with all its contents, fell into Blucher's hands; the orders worn by Blucher himself, the camp-chair of Gustavus Adolphus, and a collection of tobacco pipes, intrinsically of small value, which once belonged to the father of the great Frederic. I say nothing of Chinese robes, South American lassos, Japanese weapons, cloaks made of feathers, and tattooed heads of New Zealanders. These, or such as these, may be found in almost all extensive museums. But the historical collection, of which the articles first enumerated form a portion, is, indeed, very curious, and will amply repay the loss of time which may be dedicated to its inspection.

In this extensive edifice, of which only a small portion is set apart for the accommodation of these and other works of art, the king of Prussia never resides. His courts and levees of state he necessarily holds there; but his home is a small and unassuming mansion, not far from the Arsenal, in the Unter den Linden, where he

indulges those habits of unostentatious privacy to which circumstances, more perhaps than any natural taste, have long addicted him. Meanwhile, though following the bent of his own humours in the management of his domestic concerns, he has never ceased to promote as well the splendour of his capital, as what he believes to be the best interests of his subjects. Some of the noblest buildings in the city owe both their existence and their happy adaptation to the uses for which they were designed, to his munificence. Among these the new Museum, built after a design by Schinkel, and completed so recently as the year 1830, deserves especially to be noticed. It is a very beautiful structure, resting, like our own Custom-House, upon piles, and judiciously arranged for the reception, in its three compartments, of three different collections. On the ground floor, are vases and bronzes, some of them of rare value, and the former at least well classified, and arranged on mirror tables. On the second floor, is the sculpture gallery, which you approach through a circular hall, the admirable proportions and highly ornamented ceiling of

which are exceedingly striking; and finally, the gallery of paintings, occupying the third, or loftiest story of all, is not more remarkable for the worth of the treasures which it contains, than for the admirable order in which they are arranged, and the facilities afforded for studying them. I have neither the ability nor the inclination to play the connoisseur, even so far as to specify the pieces which pleased me most; and if I had, my readers would not, I suspect, thank me for indulging it; but thus much I must be permitted to say:—Thanks to the excellent arrangements of M. Waagen, who has distributed the different paintings into the schools to which they severally belong, and compiled a catalogue which enables you to trace the progress of each, from its first beginnings to its maturity, and so back to the period of its decline,—my recollection of the gallery at Berlin, which I visited only once, is a thousand times more vivid and more regular than that which I retain of the collections either at Dresden or Munich. I believe, indeed, that the gallery at Berlin contains fewer gems by the great masters than either of its rivals on the north of

the Alps; but as a whole I question whether it be not at least as inviting; for if masterpieces be more rare, mere daubs are more rare also; and the attention paid to the framing and adjustment of the pictures is in Berlin more conspicuous than I have observed anywhere else, Munich itself not excepted.

To give to these things the notice which they deserve, and to visit the Egyptian Museum, the Arsenal, the great China Manufactory, the Royal Library, the University, the Iron Foundry, with the other shows, κατ' ἐξοχην, to which the lacquai du place is sure to conduct him, will fully and agreeably fill up all the hours which a traveller can spare from other and not less interesting investigations. Judging from my own feelings, however, I am inclined to suspect that after he has seen all, he will scarce believe that his object in visiting Berlin has been attained. Prussia is not, like Italy, a land to which men repair for the mere purpose of breathing an atmosphere of poetry and romance. You cannot live here in a world of imagination, nor forget both the present and the future in the past. The questions which most earnestly

force themselves upon your attention are, on the contrary, such as affect the moral and political condition and prospects of a large number of your fellow creatures. Do I make myself understood? If not, let me endeavour to dispel the obscurity by making a transcript of the impressions which a brief, but not a careless sojourn in the Prussian capital produced upon my own mind.

There can be no doubt whatever that Prussia presents in all its departments the visible marks of what is called generally, and perhaps justly, a well-regulated state. Its government, though strong, is rarely oppressive; that is to say, the amount of practical liberty enjoyed by the subject is as great as men need desire. No human being is restricted from going to and fro at pleasure; for the passport which is necessary to bear him harmless with the police, the authorities never refuse, unless the party applying for it be known as a mischievous character. The privacy of no man's house is ever wantonly invaded. Whatever the bent of his genius may be, each citizen is free to indulge it, so long as the community takes no hurt from its

indulgence; and life and property are everywhere as secure as an efficient police can make them. Moreover there no longer exists that odious line of demarcation between the man of noble birth and the plebeian, which, at a date not very distant, restricted the enjoyment of offices of honour and trust exclusively to the former class. The mechanic, by dint of industry and skill, may now raise himself to distinction; the merchant may purchase land; the boor may attain to rankin the army; governments, secretaryships, the administration of departments, judgeships, aye, and a share in the king's confidence and councils, all are open to be competed for by talent, and integrity, and zeal. I do not mean to say that, in point of fact, the nobles do not continue to engross by far the larger share of these preferments. It is quite natural that they should. But the theory of the constitution recognises no such generic difference between the noble and the peasant, as that the former should be cut off from all hope of prizes which lie within the reach of the latter;—though the noble in Prussia, just as in England and elsewhere, enjoys advan-

tages in the race, which, in nine cases out of ten, enable him to leave his more humbly-born competitor behind.

Again, the anxiety of the ruler to diffuse intelligence through all orders and degrees of his subjects, is striking and praiseworthy. The people are not only encouraged but compelled to send their children to the schools, with one of which each parish is provided; and the slightest irregularity of attendance on the part of the pupils is sure to bring down punishment on their parents. Nor is it to the conferring of the mere elementary branches of education,—to the care with which it is provided that no Prussian shall lack the opportunity of learning to read, and write, and keep accounts,—that the attention of the government is restricted. The capital, at least, contains seminaries in which young men are gratuitously instructed in the principles of the art or trade which they design to follow; and the results are, that in many mechanical operations, particularly in the casting of iron, modelling, and such like, they have attained in Berlin to a degree of excellence which we shall scarcely find equalled elsewhere.

In all this we perceive the exact intermixture of liberality and arbitrary power, which we might expect to find in the proceedings of a government, anxious, indeed, to promote the well-being of its subjects of every class, yet nowise disposed to abate one jot of its own claim to unlimited and unquestioning obedience. Knowledge, for example, is not only rendered accessible, but it is forced upon the people; they must learn something, because it is the will of their rulers that they should not be wholly ignorant. But while the law interferes only so far as to render the acquisition of the humblest species of lore obligatory, the munificence of the monarch affords every conceivable facility to such as may desire to prosecute their researches further. In the Gwerbe Schule and Architectural Academy, the ambitious mechanic will find ample means of gratifying his thirst for improvement; in the University the means and appliances of study have been afforded, without any regard to expense. The collections in botany and mineralogy, the anatomical preparations, the museum of natural history, and the zoological specimens,

are all perfect in their degree, and all stand open to the inspection of the students. And as these various helps and aids to learning would be useless, were competent masters wanting to direct the studies of the youth, so no efforts have been spared to bring together such a body of professors as should ensure to Berlin the distinction, which she actually enjoys, of taking rank, though the youngest, at the very head of the German universities.

All this, be it observed, is the exclusive work of the government; which, in the person of the reigning monarch, does not stop short even here. Not only are learned professors encouraged to lecture in the schools, but they are treated wherever they go, with marked kindness and respect. How Wolff carried his point in fixing the seat of the university in the capital, I need not pause to explain; nor yet record the deference which, on all occasions, has been shown to him. Humboldt and Raumer are the king's personal friends,—the former occupying apartments in the palace, and rarely separating from his royal patron. Savigny, Ritter, Passalacqua, Müller, are names duly

honoured and revered. In like manner the Military Academy of Berlin may stand a comparison with any similar institution in the world. If, indeed, it have a fault, the impartial observer is apt to say, that the course of study is too severe, and the discipline too rigid. But these are errors on the right side; more especially when we perceive, as in this instance we unquestionably do, that the routine of duty is carried forward without the smallest respect to persons. The son of the noble must undergo the same privations, and exercise the same unwearied application, with the son of the poor subaltern, and to both is promotion awarded as the recompense of diligence, and good conduct, and talent alone.

I have alluded to the spirit of impartiality with which advancement in the Military Academy is awarded; let it not be supposed that the same spirit fails to operate elsewhere. In the regulations which affect men's civil callings and professions, in the administration of justice, in the management of commerce, the most prying eye will fail to discover in Prussia the slightest bias in favour either of classes or of

individuals. Some of these regulations may appear to us impolitic; others, perhaps, ludicrously absurd; but there is nothing in them which can convict the government of a disposition to deal loosely with the rule of right. For example, whatever walk of civil life a man may desire to follow, it is necessary that he should obtain a license, and he pays for it, on a classified scale, a fixed annual tribute to the government. We may smile, if we please, when we are told, that the physician, the notary, the carpenter, the slop-seller, the butcher, the brewer, the baker, and the vendor of drugs, are all, like hawkers and pedlars among ourselves, required to take out licenses. We may come to the conclusion, that in abolishing the system of guilds, it would have been more wise, as well as more liberal, to have done so absolutely, than to supplant it by a device so clumsy as the present. Still, nothing can be charged against the impartiality of the government, which takes every species of civil occupation alike under its care, and causes the member of a liberal profession to be registered, and certificated, and licensed, with the very same

strictness which it applies to the worker in a common trade*.

Nothing can be more pure, nothing more free even from the stain of suspicion, than the administration of justice, whether in criminal or civil cases, throughout Prussia. Among the provincial judges and magistrates there may be,

* The nature of the change which was effected in this department of the fiscal affairs of Prussia, has been so ably stated by Mr. Russell, that I have experienced a good deal of reluctance to touch upon it at all; yet will the allusions in the text be quite unintelligible unless I go farther. The facts, then, are these:—Under the old system, that is, prior to the year 1818, every trade and profession in Prussia was exercised in the several towns and districts, subject to the control of its own guild. Thus, he who desired to set up as a baker in Spandau, must apply for and obtain his license from the corporation of bakers there; which license, if he removed to another town, would be of no use to him. He must needs obtain a fresh certificate there, otherwise he could not sell bread. This, as a grievous check upon industry, the Chancellor Hardenberg set aside. Yet he was not liberal enough to go the whole length of throwing trades and professions open; so he substituted for the guildries a process which makes it necessary for the aspirant first to obtain a certificate from the authorities in the province where he resides, and then to take out a license at Berlin. The amount of revenue realised from these licenses has been calculated at 1,973,000 dollars per annum.

here and there, a deficiency of intelligence; for the provincial judges and magistrates are elected by the people, and hold office for three years only. But against their integrity I never heard that a charge was brought, or that their behaviour, in any case, laid them open to it. In Berlin, on the other hand, we find not only a thorough acquaintance with the law, but an immovable purpose to be guided by it in all their decisions. And though the appointments there emanate directly from the crown, and are known to be revokable at the will of the minister, it does not appear that this consideration has the smallest effect upon the minds of the persons holding them. The fact indeed is, that in Prussia, as well as in England, it must ever be the policy of the government to keep the great stream of justice undisturbed. Cases may, perhaps, occur in both countries, where an arbitrary monarch or minister might desire to crush an enemy, or obtain possession of an estate; but these, in the nature of things, must be of rare occurrence; and for their occurrence, in the adjustment of a matter so important, no provision can be made. He would

be a very foolish, as well as a very wicked prince, who could wish to see the judgment-seat filled, except by persons proof against the influence, as well of intimidation as of bribery. Of the exact amount of salaries awarded either to the supreme or the inferior judges, I cannot speak. I only know that the former are paid out of the treasury, while the latter derive their emoluments from the rents of the borough lands.

It will be distinctly understood that in thus eulogizing the Prussian courts of justice, I speak only of those which take cognizance of cases in which politics are no wise mixed up. For political offenders I am afraid that there is not in Prussia, more than in other absolute monarchies, any law whatever. He who is suspected of plotting against the government—he who is accused of disseminating dangerous opinions, may be, and is, arrested without the pretext of a process; and even if the established tribunals pronounce him guiltless, his release or farther confinement depends on the mere will of the minister. In like manner I ofer no opinion as to the working of the Code

Napoleon, which still exists in the Rhenish provinces, and is by them warmly admired. But the ordinary tribunals of Prussia Proper are all, as I have stated, free from taint; and as such command the respect of the people to the full as much as they secure the approbation of a strictly honest sovereign.

While the civil affairs of the country are thus managed, those of its military establishments go on upon a plan of which the Prussians themselves are exceedingly proud, but concerning the true merits of which the time for judging fairly has not yet arrived. It is well known that previously to the campaign of Jena, the Prussian army was recruited and officered according to the usages established by Frederic the Great, and still to a certain extent acted upon in Austria. Its officers were taken exclusively from the order of the noblesse, its ranks filled up from a conscription, to which all beneath the degree of the privileged class were liable. The discipline, too, which pervaded the mass thus brought together, was of the sternest and most odious description. I say nothing of the punishments, all of which were cruel in the

extreme; nor of the hopeless condition of the soldier, who, once enrolled, knew that he must serve on without a chance of promotion, till health and strength failed him. But the system of espionage which prevailed, the total absence of confidence everywhere, the wanton and perpetual interference with the men's proceedings, as well when on duty as during their hours of nominal relaxation; for the continued existence of these among a people neither naturally vindictive nor unenlightened, it is as difficult to account, as it is to assign a reasonable cause for their origin. I am not unaware that even among ourselves there used to be, perhaps still are, officers so short-sighted as to believe, that the best antidote to discontent and crime in an army, is to keep the soldier for ever occupied about something connected with his profession. According to the theory of these persons, bright barrels, highly polished pouches, belts that require constant cleaning, every species of accoutrement, in short, which may contribute to furnish work for the soldier off duty, is the best of its kind that can be served out to a regiment. As to the encouragement of a taste for reading,

or the promotion of manly and healthful sports among the soldiers, these are scouted as the sickly dreams of an enthusiast,—they never lead to good. But mistaken as this view of a soldier's position is, and eminently calculated to scare all good men from assuming it, it is both wisdom and gentleness when compared with that which the martinets of Frederic's school had adopted. Previous to the reorganization of the Prussian army in 1813, it was a received axiom in camp and garrison, that a soldier was never to be trusted. Rarely, indeed, was he permitted to walk forth, except on duty, beyond the outer line of tents, or the ditch of the fortress which he guarded; and when, for some pressing cause, such a privilege was extended to him, he did not enjoy it freely; for he was followed wherever he went, by a spy, whom his commanding officer directed to observe and report on all his proceedings. And so cleverly was the matter arranged, that, though each individual was aware of the fact, few could guess to whom the charge had been assigned of watching his own particular movements. The whole corps was made up of spies,—for

each was a spy upon his comrade. Can we wonder that an army so managed should have yielded as it did, to the more chivalrous valour of the French troops? Is it not surprising that it was capable of making any serious resistance at all?

The whole of this order of things has come to an end. Rank and honour, and promotion in the army, are open to all orders of the king's subjects, nor is there any to which the conscription does not extend. With the exception of the clergy, the teachers of schools, persons in the civil employment of the government, and professors at the universities, all young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six, are liable to be drawn; and all, when drawn, must serve. Neither is the liability felt to press with an overwhelming weight even upon the young noble,—for the period of service in the Prussian army is exceedingly short. A youth quits his home, whether it be a palace or a cottage, with little reluctance, who knows that the law has condemned him to no more than three years' servitude; that, in all probability he will not be required to serve more

than two, and that he may obtain his dismissal in one. Yet such is the state of things in Prussia. Except when attached to the artillery, where the term extends to five, three years constitute the utmost limit of service in the regular army, which is almost always curtailed, on the plea of furlough, to two; and, in the cases of noblemen, never exceeds one year as a private soldier. Not that the youth, thus lightly dealt with, is authorised to regard himself as set free from the moral obligation of serving his country when required. The soldier discharged from the line falls back into the Landwehr,—a militia, which assembles by regiments and companies within specified districts once in every year; and last of all, when too old for this force, he becomes one of the Arriere-ban, or war-reserve. Thus, from the commencement of his manhood till its vigour forsake him, the Prussian is liable to military service, though the period of his separation from the endearments of home is, except in time of war, too brief to be complained of as a hardship.

The obvious effect of this system is, to render

Prussia a nation of soldiers, not alone by keeping alive in its population the military spirit for which they have long been celebrated, but by resting it on a foundation so secure that it seems impossible to shake it. Its advantages are, that you can never be at a loss for men when you require them; and that the profession of a soldier, instead of being, as with us, looked down upon, is, in Prussia, viewed with marked favour among all classes. For though the nominal pay be trifling,—somewhere about three-pence a day for the infantry, and five-pence for the cavalry,—the contingent benefits are such as to place almost the whole of this pittance at the soldier's disposal; and three-pence or five-pence a day to spend, is a larger sum than an ordinary mechanic or labourer can usually command. Again, the peasant is never reluctant to go when drawn, because he can look forward with confidence to his discharge in two years; and is assured, during these two years, of treatment as gentle as is compatible with the preservation of military discipline. Moreover, the intermixture of high and low, and rich and poor, which a conscription so con-

ducted effects in the ranks of every regiment, has a marked and most beneficial influence in regulating the tone and manners of the soldiery. Drunkenness is a crime very little known in the Prussian army; theft is still more rare; and where drunkenness and theft seldom or never occur, discipline may always be carried on without severity. And it is so carried on in Prussia. Punishments there doubtless are, such as imprisonment and working in chains; but for the lash there is no occasion, and I do not find that it is ever applied.

To counterbalance these excellences, however, there is one grave and serious drawback, which, though at present it be lightly thought of, must, in case of war, make itself felt. You cannot have, by any exertion on the part of your officers, a veteran army. Before your recruit is well versed in his duties, the term of his service expires, and you have all your labour to go through again with his successor. Now this tells not only against the private soldier, but against the officer. The former has not advanced beyond the elements of his education, ere he is transferred to a body, which, meeting

in arms for no more than fourteen days in each year, can furnish but few opportunities of improvement. If he hold the ground which he had gained, in other words, if he forget not the lessons learned during his brief apprenticeship in the line, it is as much as you have a right to expect from him. So also the latter, like a schoolmaster, who is incessantly engaged in teaching children their alphabet, or the simplest rules of grammar, either grows disgusted with his profession, or falls into the error of believing that to drill a squad, or at most to manœuvre a battalion, is all that is necessary to arrive at eminence. No doubt the Prussian regiments look remarkably well when formed in line, or open or close columns. They are composed of the very flower of the people, and are all young men; their dress is at once the neatest and the most convenient in Europe; and there is about them a sort of Bobadil swagger, which, if it be not allowed to run wild entirely, is best encouraged among soldiers. But their marching is indifferent, their style of doing duty that of irregulars, and their manœuvring not more perfect than every military man would expect

it to be under similar circumstances. In an active war, you may form good troops out of stout rustics, after one or two campaigns; but all the zeal in the world will not convert the said rustics into good troops, by a couple of years spent in the sort of training for which alone peace affords an opportunity.

The Prussians in general, I mean the government and the nation, seem well pleased with the system; and I am not surprised at the circumstance. For it is an economical one; it renders the military service popular, and it seems to have the effect of binding the different orders of society in a friendly chain together. It is not, I suspect, so popular among the old and most experienced of the Prussian officers. These latter complain, that, especially in the cavalry and artillery services, its effects are most mischievous. The first arm, they say, is very awkward even to the last; for men are seldom put upon their horses under a year, and another year is required to perfect them in all the mysteries of the ménage. And for the last, though men serve in the artillery, or are assumed to serve, during five years, it is quite

inefficient. For you do not change all at once in any of the branches of the army, so as to have a body of recruits the first year, men half-trained the next, and by the end of the third, a force tolerably effective. But the process of discharge and enrolment is going on perpetually, and you are left by it at all moments in the predicament of a builder, who, out of a mass of materials, excellent if moulded into shape, cannot find bricks enough with which to carry on his operations. The Prussian army, as it now exists, is not only unfit to take the field, but can scarce furnish drilled soldiers sufficient to do the ordinary duties of its many fortified places.

It will be seen that the defects attending this system, though of the gravest and most momentous kind, all resolve themselves into this, —that the period of service required from the young men is too brief. Lengthen that term to seven years for the cavalry, to five for the infantry, to ten for the artillery, and the evils would be removed. In other respects, a wiser and more patriotic principle than that on which the military arrangements of Prussia

are founded, cannot be conceived. From its exposed situation, from the great extent of its frontier, from the scattered and isolated position of several of its dependencies, it is necessary that Prussia should always be in a state of preparation for war; in other words, that the army should be numerous, efficient, and ready for action. And it is surely better for the people that this should be accomplished by a general diffusion among themselves of a military spirit, than that one portion of their body should be exclusively trained to arms, and so kept as an instrument for depressing as well as for defending the other. I do not mean to say that the Prussian army, as now organised, would fail to support the king against any attempt on the part of his subjects to wring from him what is called a constitution. But I am greatly deceived if any efforts on his part, were he wild enough to make them, would convert it into an engine with which to arrest the progress of national improvement.

It is not for me to enter upon a consideration of the policy of those measures which the Prussian government has recently adopted with

a view to place upon a better footing the commercial relations of its own with other countries. The League, as it is called, may or may not have been intended as a check upon British enterprise; but if it were, it has entirely failed in its object. From all that I could learn, the imports from England, at least in the finer branches of manufacture, are just as large and as important as ever they were. Meanwhile the traveller derives this decided advantage from the arrangement, that, having once passed the frontier of any one of the states which have given in their adhesion to the commercial treaty, he may go through the whole of the confederation without being subjected to the inconvenience of a search. Besides, is not Prussia justified in using her best endeavours to encourage the growth of manufactures upon her own soil? and may she not, having this object in view, guard, to the utmost of her power, against the importation of goods manufactured elsewhere, which are at once better and cheaper than those which her own artisans are as yet able to produce, and are therefore sure to be bought up and consumed in preference to

the home fabrication? Such, however, is the head and front of that offending for which I have heard her severely blamed by persons who ought to have known better; and the system on which she acts is surely unjust towards nobody. She has agreed with Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemburg, and several other of the smaller states, that the customs levied on exciseable goods shall be the same in each; that such as are manufactured in any one of the states shall, on payment of the fixed duty at home, pass free of farther charge through all; and that the duty imposed on manufactured goods imported from abroad shall very much exceed in amount that which is imposed on a similar species of goods manufactured at home. If the governments or people of the states so dealt with are content, who has a right to complain? For this is not the whole that she has done in reference to this matter. In order that all may share alike in the produce of the excise, she has made arrangements that, of the duties collected on the frontier of the commercial union, an exact account shall be taken, and that the proceeds shall be divided among the

several confederated powers, in shares proportionate to the amount of their respective populations. There is at least perfect impartiality here towards those with whom she is confederated, and of those with whom she is not, she takes, as she ought to take, no account whatever.

CHAPTER IV.

RELIGION AND MORALS.—STATE OF THE CHURCH.—SYSTEM OF NATIONAL EDUCATION.

I COME now to a point, in comparison with which all others deserve to be regarded as insignificant, —I mean, a consideration of the state of moral and religious feeling in this great country; and of the means which are adopted by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, for the purpose of elevating the former, and giving a wider and a more salutary scope to the influence of the latter. It will, I think, be admitted, that in all other respects ample justice has been done to the Prussian government. I have described it as being, in the ordinary acceptation of the words, paternal and wise; strong no doubt, and very little disposed to become otherwise; yet willing and anxious to promote the prosperity of the people, by opening out to their industry the freest channels, and encouraging the growth of intelligence among them. I wish that I were in a condition to add, that like judgment

has been displayed in the measures adopted to render them a moral and a religious people. Let me not, however, be misunderstood. I do not wish to represent the Prussian government as in any respect discountenancing religion, or the Prussian people as utterly depraved. I believe, on the contrary, that the wishes of the first are all sound and wholesome, and that the last, considered in the mass, are quite as moral as most of their neighbours that belong to the same great family. Intoxication, for example, is the reverse of frequent among the Prussians, and even the street-quarrels of the lowliest classes generally evaporate in words. But in other respects I do not find that the moral tie holds them with too tight a pressure. I had occasion to inquire of one whose opportunities of judging were excellent, how Berlin, and indeed Prussia in general, might in this respect be accounted of? and I received an answer, which I give almost in his own words:—"Berlin," said he, "is a scene of constant intrigue. We don't all drink, we don't all play,—but we all intrigue. From the prince to the peasant, each has his *affaire d'amour* in hand, and we

care very little though all the world should know it. Of the rest of Prussia I am less competent to speak; but you will probably find that what takes place in the capital, takes place in the provinces also."

Startled by an avowal so candid, I became naturally anxious to ascertain to what causes my friend attributed a state of things, the evils attending which he did not scruple to deplore. In this respect, however, I found him either less willing or less able to be communicative. I hinted at the mischievous tendency of the law of divorce, but he would not agree with me. "It was better," he said, "that every facility should be afforded for the dissolution of the marriage contract, than that persons should live together unhappily." I asked, whether there was no principle of religion in the land, to operate as a check upon the indulgence of men's vicious humours. "Oh yes," he replied, "we are a very religious people. Don't you see a church in every parish? But our religion takes no heed of such matters as these, and we should soon quarrel with it, if it did."

"And your clergy," continued I,—"are they without weight enough to make their example felt, even where their precepts may fail in securing attention?"

"Our clergy," replied he, with a smile,—"why, yes, they are very excellent people in their way,—very good men, without doubt; but really no human being pays the slightest regard either to what they say, or what they do."

"Well, but the Gospel, on which your religion professes to be founded,—is it quite held at nought among you?"

My answer was another smile, of which I could not, without real pain, stop to analyze the import. He immediately added, however, as if conscious that he was treading upon delicate ground, "The Gospels are by no means slightly estimated among us. We all admit that the code of morals taught in them is perfect,—but—but—we don't profess to be guided by it."

If I had held this conversation with a very young, or a very ignorant person,—if a mere man of pleasure, or (and the expression may, perhaps, carry more weight with it,) a mere

man of the world, had so spoken to me;—nay if my own personal observations had not confirmed his statements, to an extent that was very painful,—I should have been slow to give them credit, even at the moment, and still more slow to repeat them now. As it was, I could only lament the existence of a state of things so melancholy, and look round for causes which might account for it. The result of these inquiries I now proceed to lay before my reader; praying that, before my views be condemned, they may be judged with candour; and assuring him, that, as they have not been taken up either lightly or in a spirit of prejudice, so am I quite ready to lay them down again whenever I shall have been convinced that they are founded in error.

There can be no greater mistake in the science of morals, than that which confounds the absence of crime, with the presence, among a people, of an elevating and lofty principle of rectitude. Crime, properly so called, can never abound in a nation of which the government is not feeble. Murder, robbery, swindling, drunkenness, tumults,—all these are cognizable by

the police; and where the police is so efficient as it is in Prussia, it is not in the nature of things that they should be of frequent occurrence. But it does not therefore follow, that the people who abstain from these offences are actuated by any high sense of right. The strong arm of the law may force men to live peaceably; but all the laws that were ever framed cannot compel them to live purely or religiously. Where purity and religion, however, are at a discount, there can be no permanent security even for the continued well-being of the body politic. For a thousand accidents may occur to diminish the vigour of the controlling power, and in the event of that becoming feeble, where are we? I do not deny that in Prussia crimes are comparatively rare; and I make this avowal in defiance of the fact, that in 1836 the proportion of persons committed to prison in Berlin was as one to every fifteen of its inhabitants. I am sure that at the present moment there is no country in Europe which exhibits fewer symptoms of weakness. But I know also that Prussia is not a religious or a moral country in the just acceptation of

these terms, and hence that her greatness rests upon a foundation of sand. How is this melancholy fact to be accounted for?

Wherever you find a government avowedly anxious to encourage the growth of religious principles among its subjects, yet succeeding only so far as to render them obedient to the letter of its own laws, and at the same time generally intelligent, you are driven to look for the causes of a failure so distressing, in some radical defect that attaches to the system by which its designs are worked out. There never, I firmly believe, lived a prince more sincerely attached than William Frederic of Prussia to the religion of the Bible; there has never been expressed by any cabinet a more earnest desire to have the religion of the Bible universally obeyed, wherever the king's authority extends, than by that which, since the termination of the late war, has aided him with its councils. Yet the religion of the Bible is not now, and for many years back has never been, the standard of faith and of morals within the Prussian dominions. Why?—Because, though laws are framed to enforce the general education of

youth, though schools abound, and pastors are numerous, both by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities certain points have been overlooked, the absence of which must render the labours, as well of the schoolmaster as of the pastor, comparatively inefficient. The errors into which the civil authorities have fallen, affect, of course, rather the external constitution than the internal discipline of the church. The oversights with which the ecclesiastical authorities are chargeable, operate fatally upon things of still higher moment. I shall endeavour, with as much brevity as is consistent with the nature of the subject, to explain what is meant by this distinction.

It belongs to the civil government of every country which acknowledges the necessity of a religious training among the people, to provide for their instruction an efficient clergy, either by allotting a competent maintenance to each minister out of the public funds, or by securing to them severally the quiet possession of such endowments as private benevolence may have set apart for them. In seeking to render a clergy efficient, however, the two extremes of

wealth and poverty will be avoided. A very wealthy clergy,—a clergy universally rich,—are almost sure to become universally indolent; a pauper clergy,—a clergy universally poor,—can neither afford to devote their energies to the high work of their calling, nor, in the present state of society, will they command anywhere such a degree of respect as shall render their exertions acceptable to those among whom they are placed. In like manner the prudent statesman, whose object it is to govern by the help of religion, will take care so to organize his clergy, that they shall not appear to belong to any one order of the people exclusively. I do not here wish to enter into the question as to whether one form of ecclesiastical polity be or be not conformable to primitive usage. I am treating the matter as one of human policy alone,—and I repeat, that he must be a short-sighted statesman who cannot perceive how superior is the efficiency of a church, whose clergy pass to and fro on an easy footing through the several gradations of society, over that which restricts its ministers to a companionship with one class only, whether

it be the highest or the lowest, or some class intermediate between the highest and the lowest.

Again, I do not see how any statesman, unless he have adopted the principle of voluntaryism to its fullest extent, can hesitate to admit that it is the duty of a government to enter into an alliance with some one church or sect in particular; and having done so, to treat that church or sect with a degree of deference which he does not exhibit towards its rivals. Let it be borne in mind that the civil government supports a church, not as a means of securing the eternal salvation of the subject,—for with that consideration the civil government has no concern,—but as an instrument by which the subject may be moulded to obedience, and industry, and good citizenship. But the church can aid in accomplishing this object only if it be seen to have the support and countenance of the government. Let the government slight or oppress the church, or appear indifferent as to the prevalence of her doctrines, and she will very soon cease to be an efficient engine in its hands. Am I then arguing in favour of persecution? Or, failing

that, do I wish to recommend, as becoming in any government, a spirit of proselytism, with which the civil government ought to have nothing to do? Surely not. Toleration cannot be too ample or too complete. By whatever forms, or under whatever denomination, men choose to worship the Creator, they have a right to be protected in their worship, so long as they do not outrage the feelings of those around them: but the government which goes farther than this, commits an error, of which the consequences are much more serious than may at first sight appear.

It is a question not yet decided, at least among casuists, how far conformity to the religion of the state ought or not to be insisted upon as a qualification for office under a Christian government. It may even be doubted whether—this restriction once removed,—there can anywhere be a state religion at all; but granting that there can be such a religion, and that dissenters from it ought not to be excluded from places of honour and trust, I do not exactly understand how the spirit of tolerance can be carried further. For if you go on to

say that the state shall take no cognizance of religious opinions at all: that it shall give salaries to the ministers of all denominations, and place all denominations on a footing of equality towards itself,—surely the principle for which we have been contending is abandoned, and there is no national religion anywhere. Moreover religion so split up and divided, cannot possibly be rendered subservient to any one of the righteous purposes which the government is supposed to have in view. Pay the clergy of one denomination, leaving the others to be supported by such as voluntarily wait on their administration, and you can afford to pay them decently. Take all under your care, and as it is impossible to place limits to the caprice of men, you will in due time have such a multitude making demands upon your bounty, that your allowances to each must, of necessity, become meagre in the extreme. Thus you will acquire by degrees a pauperized clergy,—the greatest bane with which a country can be visited; while at the same time you create a belief among the laity, that, in point of fact,

religion has no value in your eyes. How, indeed, can a government pretend to have the smallest regard for truth, (and truth and religion are one and the same thing,) which equally countenances the Protestant Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Papist, the Independent, the follower of the Greek church, the Jew, and the Mahommedan. It is quite clear, that if these opposing parties have any one principle in common, it must be that they all inculcate known fables as truths; for their differences, in other respects, are so many and so great, that they cannot equally deserve the countenance of any rational being. How, then, is the government, which treats all as equally entitled to its respect, to escape the charge of utter indifference on the subject of religion? And be it observed that I am not pretending to decide which shall, and shall not, be treated as the true religion. My reasoning goes no further than this,—that some one sect will, by a wise government, be selected; and that, in the spirit of the creed taught by that sect, will all its public arrangements which affect the religion of the people be guided.

For religion in the abstract is a nonentity; and the religion of the Bible, as it is called, is nothing else than religion in the abstract. Men must be trained in infancy to worship God after some set forms, and to read the Scriptures according to some established system, otherwise it is much to be feared that they will soon cease to worship at all, and that the word of God will become valueless in their eyes.

Let me apply this reasoning to the moral and religious condition of Prussia. In Prussia the clergy are universally poor. The living of Spandau, one of the richest in the kingdom, brings in an annual revenue of only two hundred Frederic d'ors, or one hundred and fifty or sixty pounds of our money. In the country places, such is the depressed state of the clergy, that they are obliged, in many instances, to eke out their slender incomes by working in the fields like day-labourers. Again, though the state religion of Prussia be Protestant, (for the distinctions between Lutheran and Calvinist are now forgotten,) such is the liberality of the government, that in parishes where the majority of the inhabitants profess the Romish faith, a

Romish priest draws the stipend, and occupies both the church and the glebe-house. Here, then, we have the two great evils already referred to,—a clergy universally pauperized, and a state religion not fairly countenanced by the state. What is the consequence?

If the Prussian clergy were far more learned than they are,—and I am willing to allow that there is a prodigious mass of learning among them,—if their habits of life, instead of being those of the recluse, were, in point of activity and energy, all that their office requires,—it seems next to impossible, that, labouring under such palpable disadvantages, they should ever acquire the smallest influence within the domestic circles of their parishioners. Cut off by their poverty from associating with the higher classes, and separated from the lower by the superior cultivation of their intellects, they may be eloquent in their pulpits, and able, and even orthodox at their desks, yet produce little effect for good upon the public mind, or the public morals. For it is neither by their preaching, nor by their writing, that the ministers of religion most effectually serve the pur-

pose for which the state provides them with a subsistence. It is in the daily intercourse of life,—in the domiciliary visits which they pay to the cottages of the poor,—by the tone which they give to general society wherever they join in it, that the best opportunities are afforded to them of moulding the opinions of those around them, because it is in such situations that they best succeed in earning the respect of their neighbours; and I need not add, that the precepts of religion never carry with them half so much weight as when they come to us from those whom we both know and estimate rightly. But this can never be the case in a country where the political position of the clergy is such, that a noble house would feel itself disgraced, were one of its poorest scions to enter into holy orders; where the emoluments of office are so wretched, and the condition of the pastor so humble, that the very peasants scarce look on the last with respect, or to the first as an object of ambition. It is better, however, to describe in detail, than to go on with a general line of reasoning. The following is a correct sketch of what befel when I paid a visit

to the incumbent of a country parish, certainly neither the poorest nor the most secluded within the limits of the Prussian dominions.

The parsonage-house stood close to the parish church. It was a straggling, old-fashioned edifice, with a paved court in front, and a garden and orchard behind. The walls were very dingy, and both they and the tiles gave evidence that the hand of repair seldom touched them; and the court-yard was neither clean nor well kept. When I entered, I found two women, one elderly, the other young, feeding some poultry. They were dressed in the humblest style, as if accustomed to such operations, and I naturally concluded that they were the pastor's servants. I was mistaken. The one was his wife, the other his daughter; and as the good man kept no domestic, except a little girl, by them were all the menial offices of the household performed. I entered. German houses, in general, are not what we should call well-furnished; that is to say, you need not expect to find, even in the palaces of the nobility, carpets on the floors, or an air of luxurious ease anywhere; but this poor man seemed to have

hardly any furniture at all. His room—and it was a spacious one—contained a chest of drawers, a small round deal table, a few chairs with wooden seats, and a porcelain stove. He had just finished dinner, for it was one o'clock, and the remains of the feast stood before him; namely, a large basin of the thinnest soup, something which I mistook for suet dumplings, a morsel of bouille done to tatters, and a plate of sour crout. His drink was a mug of beer, and his pipe was already in his mouth. The good man begged me to take a seat, and cheerfully answered such questions as I chose to put to him. I forget what was the precise value of his benefice: I only remember that it was inconceivably small; yet he assured me that there were many of his brethren poorer than he, and that he was contented. "For my garden is very productive," continued he, "and I am yet strong enough to cultivate it myself."

"And have you any society at hand?" said I. "Are your people attentive and kind to you?"

"I have nothing to complain of among the people," replied he; "they attend church tolerably well, and when I do join them of a

Sabbath evening in the public garden, we smoke our pipes very socially together. But we don't see much of one another."

I soon found, on pushing my inquiries farther, that the relation between pastor and flock is, in Prussia, a very different affair from what it is among us. Nobody ever thought of applying to the pastor of ——, in case of difficulty, for advice. No sick person besought him to visit him or her in sickness; the poor found him not their advocate, nor expected so to find him. The bouer-man sent him no little presents,—eggs, or poultry, or fruit, in token of attachment. With the great proprietor, one of whom had a schloss in the parish, he held no intercourse; indeed, he was, except in his own family, entirely companionless. Again, it was not his wont, nor the custom of his brethren, except on stated occasions, to catechise the young, or to exhort the aged, He lived, in short, a life of mere routine, and had no inclination to step beyond the circle. How is it possible that a man so circumstanced can have the slightest power to mould the opinions, or lay down rules for the conduct of those around him?

The errors, then, with which the Prussian government seems to be chargeable are these:—first, that it is not, in the proper acceptation of the term, in alliance with any particular church or creed whatever; and next, that it has not provided for the ministers of religion, such a maintenance as the nature of their office requires. For it is beside the question to argue, that if the clergy be poor, they are at least on a level, in that respect, with the members of other professions. It can be no object to the government whether the physician and apothecary shall have influence over the minds of his patients or not, or the lawyer be able to bend them to any given purpose. If the government have a wish in reference to these gentlemen at all, it probably is, that they shall possess neither the inclination nor the will to sway the moral opinions of the people; but with the clergy the case is different. If they be incapable of accomplishing this end, they are clearly inadequate to perform one of the great purposes for which the state undertakes to maintain them. And I need scarcely add, that men are nowhere so humble-minded as to listen with deference on

the most important of all subjects, to the precepts of those whose condition renders all approach to general companionship impossible. Such, however, is precisely the state of things in Prussia; which is the more to be lamented, that the government piques itself on the efforts which it makes to discover latent talent in other walks of life, and to foster and reward it. It is in the church only that no prizes are bestowed, and that no pains are taken to ensure for the work of the ministry, at least, a fair share of the shining and influential genius which everywhere abounds in the community.

I come now to another class of defects, for the existence and continued operation of which the church, considered as a spiritual body, is entirely responsible. I allude to the absence of all discipline, all controlling power, over the religious opinions of the clergy, such as shall ensure an uniformity of doctrine in the public teaching of those to whom the people are to look for instruction in righteousness. I am not, indeed, ignorant that the doctrines set forth in the Confession of Augsburg, are those to which the Lutheran Church professes to

adhere. Neither have I forgotten, that for some time after the Reformation, subscription to that document, as well as to Melancthon's Apology, and the rest of the symbolical books, was required of all candidates for holy orders; while of the labours of the old German divines, distinguished alike by their erudition and their piety, I am not willing to speak, except in terms of profound respect. But besides that the symbolical books were, from the outset, at once too voluminous and too controversial to be rightly used as a confession of faith, the practice of subscribing to them arbitrarily was soon laid aside, and in its room a habit was adopted, which in point of fact, rendered the act of subscription nugatory. As soon as men were permitted to declare their acceptance of these books, only "so far as they agreed with Scripture," the utility of the books themselves as a test of orthodoxy, ceased to exist; for such qualification clearly left each minister free to believe and to teach whatever his own fancy might dictate. With respect, again, to the Reformed Church, as the other great branch of Protestantism came to be called, it is extremely

doubtful whether any test of orthodoxy was in it at any period applied; but it is certain that for a long while back nothing more has been required of him who offers himself for ordination, than a promise that he will teach the people, according to the Scriptures of God.

Again, though there have been from the outset, in most of the Reformed churches, forms appointed for public prayer, and the administration of the sacraments, it has never been the custom to require from the ministers a rigid attention to those forms. Some used them,—others did not; and hence even in the offering up of their devotions, the people were liable to be guided right or wrong, according to the humours or peculiar views of the pastor. Now where there is neither a confession of faith, sanctioned by competent authority, nor a liturgy, according to the spirit of which the worship of the people shall be directed, there is clearly no power anywhere, of determining what shall, and what shall not, be the doctrine of the church. Bishops, or superintendents, or synods, or ecclesiastical courts, may be competent to restrain or to punish immoral practices in the clergy;

but not having any acknowledged standard, according to which opinions may be tried, how can they interfere with men's doctrine? And if in doctrine a church fall away from the simplicity of the Gospel, what reason have we to be surprised, if the moral principle become likewise vitiated? I have ventured to assert that Prussia is not a religious and a moral country. Let me remind the reader of certain truths which bear upon the points now under consideration, and he will probably agree with me in thinking, that a different result was not to be expected.

Whoever will take the trouble to investigate the history of Protestantism in Germany, throughout the last eighty or ninety years, will find, that the spectacle presented by it to the eye of the Christian, is exceedingly sad. Throughout that extended period, a large proportion of the Reformed divines have not only rejected for themselves all belief in the divine origin of Christianity; but have laboured, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, to instil their own pernicious opinions into the minds of others. From the chairs of the theological

professorships in the universities, of which at one time they had monopolized the possession, as well as in the pages of all the most influential literary and religious journals, which were chiefly under their control, a body of Rationalists, as they called themselves, ceased not to contemn and hold up to ridicule all who professed their belief in particular inspirations; nay, the very pulpits became, in their hands, and in those of their disciples, fountains from which came forth continually, the waters which canker where they flow. Moreover, the amount of learning which they brought to aid them in this unholy task, was undeniably as great, as the skill which they displayed in adapting their arguments to the tastes and comprehensions of the different classes in society was remarkable. No wonder that the consequence should have been a speculative infidelity everywhere, producing its necessary result, a ruinous relaxation in all the moral restraints and obligations of social life.

The corruption of which I now speak, has, by an able writer in a foreign journal, been traced back to the countenance which was given by

Frederic the Great to the opinions of the French philosophers. Doubtless, the efforts of the "beaux esprits," who composed the royal coterie at Potsdam, were not entirely wasted; but they operated on the public mind rather indirectly than directly; for the habits of thinking in Prussia were not then, nor are they now, at all of a nature to amalgamate, in any degree, with those of Voltaire and his imitators. The Prussians, like other branches of the German family, were and are a reflecting people. They are not to be turned aside from any received opinions by the mere force of ridicule. But they are likewise a people much given to speculate in the abstract; and in their anxiety to establish the justice of a theory, they are not inapt to forget that their reasoning may be carried too far. The French philosophers had attacked Christianity through the sides of the Old Testament chiefly; or at all events, by assailing the credibility of particular details, rather than by seeking to question the evidences on which the faith of the Christian is rested. The Germans gave themselves to the task of parrying these attacks; and labours begun with

this simple and most praiseworthy view, ended in a sort of Christianity which was little better than deism in disguise.

If there had existed in 1760 any such power of control in the Prussian church, as that of which I have spoken, it is difficult to believe that this evil could have gone very far. Men who had deliberately set their hands to a confession of faith, in which the leading doctrines of Scripture were dogmatically affirmed, would have pondered long, ere, for any purpose whatever, they had ventured to impugn these doctrines; or if not, the church, by expelling the innovators from her communion, might have at all events vindicated herself from the charge of assenting to their innovations. But the church had no such controlling power. On the contrary, the utmost freedom was given to a spirit of inquiry, which, unfortunately for the interests of truth, took a wrong bias at the outset; while the applause which each new light, as it was considered, called forth, and the substantial advantages which the production of it conferred upon the discoverer, had no ten-

dency to render speculation more guarded, or reasoning more just.

The line of defence adopted by the German divines against the infidel, was an unhappy one. They applied to the sacred Scriptures the sort of criticism which had proved satisfactory in the investigation of the mythologies of the heathens, and abandoned one by one, all the points which render the Bible deserving of a wise man's notice. Old heresies were revived, and brought forward as the results of recent investigation; and while the excellence of the Scriptures, as a rule of life, was sedulously insisted upon, their claims to be received as exclusively the word of God were given up. It was denied that there ever had been, or ever would be, such a thing as a particular inspiration at all. The laws of God were said to be immutable. The Mosaic account of the Creation was an allegory, and the Pentateuch a series of treatises composed at different times, and by different writers, but all of a date much later than that of Moses.

As to prophecy, nobody could pretend to

build upon it for anything; because the prophets were either mere enthusiasts, or at best, ardent admirers of their own national customs, which they sought to restore when falling into disuse. And for the rest, the doctrines of a fall and an atonement, of the divinity of Jesus, his resurrection and ascension, these were, like the tales of miracles performed, worthy alone of the dark ages which produced them. Such was the Christianity taught from the professor's chair, by the press, and in the pulpits of Protestant Germany, for more than half a century; and there was no power, had the inclination been present, with any one of the Protestant churches to denounce it as heretical.

To the principle introduced into historical criticism by Heyne, and the theory set up in reference to the human intellect by Kant, the low ebb to which religious feeling sank in Protestant Germany, is in a great measure to be attributed. The former, weary of the verbal trifling of his predecessors, struck into a different path, and from the wildest flights of the classical poets, brought forth statements illustrative of the progress of civilization, from age

to age, and the institutions and manners of other times. The latter, dissatisfied with the views both of Leibnitz and Malebranche, and utterly contemning those of Berkeley, assumed as his maxim, that the human mind is infallible; in other words, that no postulate in metaphysics ought to be regarded as true, of which the fitness is not demonstrable to our reasoning faculties. There was great boldness, as well as some novelty, in the views both of the scholar and the philosopher; and boldness or novelty in dealing with such matters, are sure to attract attention in Germany. A fresh impulse seemed to be given to the learning of the age. What Heyne had done in reference to the mythology of the Greek poets, his imitators hastened to do in elucidation of the treatises which compose the Old and New Testaments; while Kant's principle was fearlessly applied to the doctrines deduced from these treatises. Semler, Teller, Steinbart, and Eberhard, demonstrated to the satisfaction of all the Neologists of the day, that Moses and Homer were alike deserving of credit; that the Hebrew Judges ought to take rank with the Greek heroes; that

Isaiah and Joel, and the rest of the prophets, were the political reformers of their respective ages; and that Jesus Christ was but the Socrates of Judæa. It is melancholy to recollect with what thunders of applause the ravings of these and other sciolists were greeted, and how rapid was the progress which their opinions made, especially among the young and the aspiring, both of the clergy and the laity.

There was no authority in any of the Protestant churches of Germany to protest against these heresies; far less to expel from her communion the men who taught them. Individual champions were never, indeed, wanting to the truth; for the treatises of Storr and his friends, of Flatt, and Suskind, and others, remain as lasting monuments of their own powers, and of the good sense of those by whom they were read and approved; but the stream of popularity ran against them, and it set in with greatest violence, in the situations, where, of all others, it was sure to bring the most mischievous results in its train. The remuneration bestowed upon the professors at the German universities, is so inadequate, that there is imposed upon

them the necessity of giving what are called private lectures. For these the students pay; and such became by degrees the craving after novelty, that no man who was not known to hold ancient prejudices in contempt, could hope to gather a moderately numerous class about him. Moreover the young men dismissed from college, and as yet unprovided for in the church, usually find employment in Germany as tutors in private families, or assistants in schools. In these situations, they indulged freely the tastes which they had acquired at the university, and last of all carried with them to their respective parishes, not only the habits of mere students, but a fatal exemption in the prosecution of their inquiries, from everything like an established principle of faith.

I do not deny that the description which has just been given, is more applicable, perhaps, to what the state of things in Protestant Germany was some years ago, than to what we find it now. The Rationalist school, among the clergy at least, is neither so large, nor so much in the ascendant, as it used to be, though it still can boast of a very considerable number of men,

eminent for their learning and their zeal. The influence of such names as Ammon, Schott, Bretschneider, and Wegschneider, is not to be lightly dealt with; and though the first of these may have, in some sort, abandoned his original views, it is not quite clear, judging from the tone of his later writings, that he ever adopted the truths of the Gospel in their simplicity. Meanwhile, a new school,—that of the Mystics, is rising into note; so that by-and-by the Protestant churches bid fair to be divided into the absolute worshippers of reason, on the one hand, and mere enthusiasts on the other. I do not mean, under this head, to include Dr. Hengstenberg of Berlin, to whose labours the cause of truth is so much indebted, Dr. Tholuck of Halle, nor Dr. Neander, the admirable author of the *History of Paganism*. These, with many more, have stood forth nobly in the fore front of the battle; but somehow or another, their writings carry with them much less of weight than those which go to either of the opposite extremes,—enthusiasm or infidelity. It is something, however, to be able to say, that revelation, in its purity and simplicity, has its champions

in Protestant Germany; and recent proceedings on the part of the Prussian government, show that there is at least no disposition among those in power, to give further countenance to anything else. I do not find that the Protestant church has as yet drawn up its confession of faith, or assumed the right, which seems inherent in all churches, of determining what doctrines its ministers shall, and what they shall not, teach. But with a Liturgy the king has supplied it. In Prussia there is now a Book of Common Prayer, which Lutherans, and Calvinists, and even French Protestants, use in common; so that, from the hazard of being misled, at least in the offering up of their devotions, the people are happily delivered.

I might say a great deal more in reference to this point, were I inclined to be hypercritical. I might ask, what is to be expected from a people, one of whose standard classics is Lessing, who look upon Wolf as the first of biblical critics, and among whom the Anthropology of Heinroth has found comparatively few admirers? But another subject presses, and I must turn to it by glancing at the state of public education

in the monarchy,—regarded rather as a means of moral than of intellectual improvement. For I hold it to be a mistake of the most melancholy kind to imagine, that by the mere cultivation of their intellectual faculties, you render a people either wiser, or better, or more happy. The first object to be attended to by a ruler surely is, or ought to be, that the people committed to his charge shall have reason to be contented with their condition. And as it belongs to humanity that the great mass of men must, in every age and country, work hard and fare roughly, the education which fails in affording to them such resources as mere learning cannot always bestow, is wanting in the very point where it ought most to give proof of its usefulness. I do not wish to insinuate aught against the righteous intentions of anybody; but this much is certain, that the people of Scotland, for example, are, even in the rural districts, less moral and less happy now than they used to be within my own recollection. Yet education is carried on in Scotland, by means of the parochial schools, far beyond the limits which formerly circumscribed it. Why should such apparent

contradiction be? I answer, because it is one thing so to educate as that the poor shall grow up to habits of industry, integrity, and contentment; another, to sharpen their faculties till the edge becomes so fine as to wound the moral principle itself. There may be excess even in education, when applied to masses, the great bulk of whom must eat their bread scantily in the sweat of their brows.

It is the pleasure of the Prussian government that its subjects shall be universally educated,—and the pleasure of the Prussian government is not to be gainsaid. Education is, therefore, as widely diffused through the land as the most enthusiastic believer in the perfectibility of human nature could desire. Of the machinery which is employed in order to effect this end, it is not necessary that I should speak much at large, because M. Cousin's report is in the hands of everybody; and, as far as accuracy of detail goes, I have nothing to say against it. But from the inferences which he draws, and the conclusions to which he arrives, I am forced, in many instances, to dissent; and I think that there are signs in the

political horizon of Prussia, which go far to justify me in so doing. Let me explain the grounds on which I venture to take so bold a step, even though I be compelled to say, imperfectly, over again what he has already said, and said well, before me.

It seems to be the design of the Prussian government, that over the intellectual, not less than over the physical energies of the country, its own influence, and none other, shall extend. Accordingly education, which, everywhere else, takes its tone, more or less, from the bearing of the church by law established, proceeds in Prussia on a principle so purely laic, as well nigh to merit the distinction of being pronounced military. Thus it is the voice of the law, and not the moral influence of the clergy, which, from one extremity of the fabric to the other, sets all the wheels of the machine in motion. The law determines the age at which children shall go to school,—the law decides when they shall leave it. The law points out what shall be done at school, from hour to hour and from day to day. The law drives the truant from his idleness under the escort of a policeman,

and punishes the parent through whose carelessness or want of taste the truant may have been encouraged in his bad propensity. In like manner the law, having furnished him with the means of acquiring the necessary accomplishments, determines when and how the candidate shall succeed to the office of a schoolmaster; and providing him with a dwelling-house and subsistence, a school-room, and implements of teaching, keeps him ever after under its own unwearying surveillance and control. Again, the authorities which shall watch these teachers are of the law's nomination; and if the clergy be admitted as members of a council, it is in the very humblest capacity. Last of all, through parochial, and communal, and provincial consistories, we reach the Central Council in Berlin, at the head of which is the Minister of Public Instruction. As the Central Board (to use a thoroughly English expression,) serves as a model for the construction of the Boards that act subordinately to it, a description of one will suffice to make my meaning clear when I come to reason upon the practical working of the whole.

The Minister of Public Instruction is in Prussia a member of the King's cabinet, and a functionary of the highest rank. Previously to the year 1819, the duties which he discharges were carried on by the Minister of the Interior; but the offices are now quite distinct, insomuch that there does not exist between them, even the tie of responsibility. While the Minister of the Interior takes under his care all such institutions as seem to affect the trade or political condition of the country; as, for instance, military academies, schools of mining, seminaries for the instruction of mechanics, merchants, artisans, &c.; the universities, the gymnasia, the burgher, and elementary schools, constitute the province of the Minister of Public Instruction. In controlling them he is assisted by a council, which meets and deliberates in three sections,—namely, the section of Morals, the section of Instruction, and the section of Health. Of these three, the second is by far the most active and the most influential; for the first, which is composed almost exclusively of ecclesiastics, cannot move, unless especially appealed to; the third never

does move except as a matter of routine; whereas the second sits and deliberates twice in every week, and keeps up a constant communication with all parts of the country. It is worthy of remark that of it no clergyman, be his creed what it may, can become a member; whereas into the section of Morals one Romish prelate, at least, must be admitted, to sit, and vote, and determine, side by side, with the Lutherans.

In the instructions issued by this Board there is a great deal of apparent attention paid to the subjects of religion and morals. Thus it is especially enjoined that a certain number of hours in every week shall be set apart in the several classes to religious instruction; and that the business of each day shall begin and end with prayer and the singing of hymns; yet such is the tone in which the word of command goes forth, that, while it effectually secures obedience to the letter of the law, of the spirit of religion not an iota may be imbibed. For, in the first place, the government does not profess to hold one order of religious principles as more worthy of its regard than another. On

the contrary, it is expressly stated, that whatever may be the religion of the majority of the inhabitants in each village, that shall be regarded as the religion of the school; unless, indeed, there be funds enough to support two schools, or, at all events, two masters, of opposite ways of thinking on this trifling matter. So also Jews, and smaller sects, are *permitted* to maintain schools of their own,—their contributions to the general school-fund being still exacted,—or they may send their children to the village-school for other branches of learning, and instruct them in their own religious tenets at home.

This is bad enough; for when taken in connexion with the law which assigns the glebe-house, and church, and parochial emoluments, to the minister of the sect which may most abound in each parish, it can hardly fail of satisfying the people, that in religion, considered as a dispensation from God to man, the government has no faith whatever. But its consequences are not more mischievous than those of the second blunder, of which the Cen-

tral Board is guilty. While the clergy of all denominations are commanded to impress upon the people's minds a sense of the great value of education, they are not permitted to interfere in the management even of the religious branch of it, except under the most signal constraint. Nothing is left to their discretion,—no opening is made for their zeal. The religious books which the children must read, and the space of time which must be devoted to their reading, are alike determined by the lay authorities,—who hold the minister responsible, indeed, for the attention of the scholars to the rules of the school, yet give him no more power than belongs to a visitor, who visits by compulsion, and is himself under surveillance. Such, at least, is the course pursued in reference to the religious education of the Protestants; that is to say, of the members of *the particular church with which the state professes to be in alliance.* The Lutheran clergy must confine themselves to a line which the common law has drawn for them; but it is not so with the Romanists. The Romish bishops select the books which are to

be read at schools where the Romish religion is taught, and the common law is satisfied to enforce attention to their wishes.

What has been said of the mode of proceeding in the elementary or parish schools, may be repeated, almost word for word, in reference to the burgher schools, the gymnasia, and the seminaries in which young men are trained to the profession of teaching. The religious instruction communicated in each comes as a matter of routine, and is never so conveyed as to connect it, in the minds of the pupils, with any feeling of respect for the clergy. Such a course, I venture to believe, though it may render the growing generation familiar with the historical details of the Bible, will never impress them with any solid principle of religion; and will utterly fail to operate as a safeguard of their morals when they go into life, and are exposed to temptation.

By the philosopher, who may be disposed to hold these considerations cheap, or the philanthropist, who is sanguine enough to believe that an enlightened people must necessarily become virtuous and happy, I can well under-

stand that the system of national education pursued in Prussia will be spoken of in terms of extravagant admiration. Except, indeed, that it is liable to this trivial drawback,—that everything is done by compulsion,—it would be hard to devise a scheme more perfectly suited to work out its proposed end. For the chain of responsibility ascends from the peasant's child to the Minister of Instruction; and wheel moves within wheel with the regularity and precision of clock-work. In each of the ten provinces, for example, into which the monarchy is divided, there is established a provincial consistory, which acts under the Ober-präsident, or supreme governor, after the very same fashion, and according to the very same routine, with the Council of Education at Berlin. So also each department, or Regierungsbezirke, has its committee, each Kreis, or commune, its Kreischulcollegen, and each Gemeinde its body of notables; while from one to the other are perpetually passing visitors and inspectors appointed by the courts above, and a constant and regular correspondence through the secretaries. It is impossible, therefore, that the

government should long be kept in ignorance of any irregularity or abuse of power anywhere; and it is equally certain that wherever such is detected, the culprit receives punishment, and the evil is remedied.

As the Central and Provincial Councils consist of men selected for their intelligence, (and the Minister of Public Instruction appoints them all, and allots to each his salary,) so in the very villages care is taken to nominate to the committees those among the heads of families, of whose fitness the courts above may have been advertised. The parties so elected cannot refuse to serve for the customary term of six years; and if chosen again they must again go into harness; and here, where all are unsalaried, it is worthy of remark that the clergyman is, *ex officio*, a member of the body. But in towns and cities no compulsion of the kind holds good. There the management of the national education is intrusted, as a matter of course, to the magistrates; who may, if they choose, associate with themselves the clergy; though such association is not forced upon them. Moreover in towns and cities the Com-

mittees of Instruction have a wider field of exertion than in the country; for in them we find, over and above the elementary schools,—Burgher-Schulen, or places of education for the children of the more respectable inhabitants,—as well as here and there a Gymnasium, and even Schullehren-Seminarien, or seminaries for the training of masters. All these it is the duty of the magistrates to superintend, that they may make reports to the proper officer when he comes round; and receive from him, or it may be, from the authorities under whom he acts, either praise or blame, according as the law is, or is not obeyed to the letter.

Of the Burgher-schools and the Gymnasia I need not say more than that they rise,—the former one step, the latter two,—above the elementary schools; in other words, that in each the degree of information conveyed to the pupils is more extensive than the law requires to be dispensed in the seminaries beneath it. The Burgher-schools thus qualify the youth who attend them for a walk of life superior to that of the mere peasant; while the Gymnasia send them forth, either to embark at once in liberal

professions, or to prosecute their studies still further at the Universities. In the Schullehren-Seminarien, again, all this is done; and there is added to it, over and above, some acquaintance with music, both vocal and instrumental, as well as a large infusion of what M. Cousin calls the *esprit pédagogique*. It is not, however, compulsory on any class of persons to send their children to these higher seminaries. Indeed, a Prussian may educate his son entirely at home, if he prefer domestic education. But, in this case, he must not only pay his quota towards the general education of the people, but give the authorities satisfactory proof that the education of his own household is not neglected. In like manner private persons, whether men or women, may, if so disposed, open academies and receive boarders, provided the public examiners, whom the Committee of Education nominate, shall have been satisfied that they are qualified for the office, and they obtain a license from the police. As the license, however, is granted to the individual, and not to the house, it cannot be transferred, and the shutting-up of the private school for six months

renders it null. Nay, so vigilant is the police, or rather so jealous is the government, that the pupils at these private schools undergo periodical examinations relative both to the kind of instruction bestowed upon them, and the diet, and other physical treatment afforded; while poor scholars, that pass from door to door, teaching by the hour in the houses that admit them, must all be licensed and registered.

I have alluded to the Schullehren-Seminarien, or academies for the training of young schoolmasters. It must not, however, be supposed, that to have gone through a course at one of these seminaries is invariably insisted upon, as qualifying a man for the office of teacher, even at one of the public schools. The alumni from such seats of learning are, indeed, preferred; and hence it is customary for youths, whose ambition points to the ferula, to enter themselves at one of these when they attain to the established age; yet is any person eligible, provided he satisfy the public examiners of his fitness, and have interest enough with the patron of the school to secure a nomination.

For the right of nominating is vested in the founder's descendant, if the school be endowed; or in the village committee, if it be supported from the village funds; or in the magistrates, if it be in a city; or, here and there, in the crown. Moreover the schoolmaster, once appointed, as he is liable to be dismissed for misconduct, so may his own diligence, and the favourable reports of the inspectors, ensure for him a removal to some more lucrative situation. And this encouragement is the more wise, because of the excessive inequality which prevails among the emoluments derived from schools in Prussia. According to a table published by M. Cousin, the salaries of some reach as high as twelve hundred dollars a year; while those of others do not exceed ten dollars. I should hardly say that the situation of a schoolmaster, any more than that of a clergyman, is, in Prussia, as respectable as it ought to be. At all events it is very certain, that the effect of the system of instruction by order is to produce an acute, an inquisitive, and an intelligent population; who acknowledge no restraint in their proceedings except that of the law,—

and bid fair, should population go on increasing, and outlets or means of employment fall short, to question the authority of the law itself,—at least in the shape in which it is now administered.

As I have touched upon the subject of moral and religious feeling, it seems to me that I cannot well avoid alluding to other causes, which, beyond all question, operate to lower the hold, at least of the latter, on the public mind, throughout the whole of Germany. Far be it from me to eulogise that mode of observing the Lord's-day, which has been handed down to us, not by the apostles and first Christians, but by the Puritans of the seventeenth century; but infinitely rather would a religious man desire to see it in active operation, than to behold the customs which prevail in Prussia introduced, where as yet they are happily unknown. Undoubtedly there can be nothing sinful in listening, on the Lord's-day, to the sounds of sweet music. Far less would the benevolent seek to cut off from harmless recreation in the open air, those multitudes of poor artisans, who, with their families, are cooped up

from Monday morning to Saturday night, within the crowded precincts of a city. But of the customs of those lands which convert God's day of holy rest into a season of mere dissipation, it is impossible to speak except with regret. Whatever serious impressions might have been produced by the religious exercises of the morning, the dance in the open air, with the music and flirtation of the evening, is sure to eradicate. And when the very clergy are seen to countenance all these, by joining in them, who can wonder that they should retain no influence over the minds of the people? Rather let us have Sir Andrew Agnew's bill, with all its unnecessary rigidity, than live to see bands of music publicly perform in St. James's Park, and the evening of each Lord's-day dedicated to licensed dissipation.

CHAPTER V.

POTSDAM. — THE PALACE. — GARRISON CHURCH. — SANS-SOUCI.—SAXONY. — THE PALACE OF MORITZBURG. — FIRST VIEW OF DRESDEN.

I HAVE made no mention of the Prussian universities, of the course of study which is pursued in them, or of the system of general administration under which they subsist. It is not necessary that I should supply the omission, inasmuch as the Prussian universities resemble, in almost every particular, those of the other German states, with the constitution of which there are few educated persons who are not well acquainted. Thus much I may, indeed, observe in passing, that each of the ten provinces has its own university,—as that of Königsberg for Posen, Greifswalde for Pomerania, Breslau for Silesia, and Berlin for Brandenburg;—that each of these elects its own rulers, and all are so far exempt from the shackles which restrain the inferior seminaries, that they correspond, through their respective

heads, directly with the Minister of Public Instruction. Moreover, the discipline administered is of a nature to restrain the young men from those wild sallies, in which, at Jena, and even at Heidelberg, they were wont occasionally to indulge. But I must not be tempted to dwell longer upon a subject which has already engaged more of my reader's time than may be agreeable. Rather let me return to my personal journal, and sketch rapidly such of the events which befel, as seem to me best calculated to interest the attention of a stranger.

After a sojourn in Berlin, which I now regret had not been very much extended, and receiving from the English minister there, Lord William Russell, the most polite attention, we set out, in the midst of a heavy fall of snow, for Dresden, following, as both convenience and inclination dictated, the road which passes through Potsdam. Between the capital and this latter city, which owes its existence to the will of the great Frederic, and all the renown which it can boast, to associations connected with his name, the country is by nature as flat and uninteresting as the imagination of man

can well conceive. For about two German, or ten English miles, indeed, a long straight macadamized road, shaded on either side by rows of poplars, runs through the heart of a sandy level, which all the industry of an industrious population has hardly sufficed to render even moderately productive. When you have passed Zehlendorf, however, and crossed the fine wood which shuts it up in the rear, the scene undergoes a change. You are now upon the Havel, which, having been carefully dammed up, spreads out into a lake of considerable dimensions, and is surrounded with banks, sloping, well wooded, and picturesque;—the produce of the labour of those by whom the channel of this artificial mere has been scooped out. In the middle of that lake is the Pfauen-insel, or Island of Peacocks, the favourite summer retreat of the reigning monarch; and, if credit might be given to the reports of our postilions, one of the most lovely spots on earth's surface. But I am ashamed to say that we did not visit it. The weather, indeed, was so extremely inclement, that our chief anxiety was to find shelter from its violence with as

little delay as possible; and we comforted ourselves by believing, that, though the postilions' tale might be true to the letter, the falling snow must have incapacitated us from judging of its truth. Accordingly we experienced no regret when, about twelve or one o'clock, our carriages stopped at the sign of the Golden Adler,—a very comfortable hotel, with a well-kept table d'hôte, and ample accommodation, even for a party so numerous as ours.

Unfavourable as, to such an occupation, the state of the atmosphere was, we did not look out from the closed windows of the carriage without being at once surprised and delighted with the sort of scenery through which, for the last few miles of our journey, we had been passing. The artificial hills, which begin at the head of the lake, are continued almost to the gate of the city, intersected here and there by valleys very tastefully arranged; while from amid the groves, that shelter both hill and vale, many palace-looking mansions protrude,—all of them white, as if built of free-stone, and at once elegant, and,—as it seemed,—convenient in their proportions. Of Potsdam itself I do

not know how far I should be justified in giving a minute description. Enough is done, when I state that the air of desolation, of which other travellers complain, still hangs over it; that, after passing the barrier, you traverse long, wide, and almost empty streets; and that the very houses, on each side, appear too spacious for their inhabitants, to a degree which causes you to wonder that they are not in a state of ruin. Not that decay has failed already to lay his finger upon them. The stucco that covers the brick-work has, in many places, become green and mouldy, and in some is peeling off; while columns chipped, and statues partially mutilated, tell of palmy days that were,—but are not, in all human probability, destined to return.

The objects which chiefly invite the stranger's attention at Potsdam are well known. In the town itself we have the Garnison Kirche, within which the remains of the great Frederic are deposited; the Royal Palace, in which the present king was born, and Voltaire's house. In the environs, the two royal residences, Sans-Souci, and the New Palace; besides a village,

called the Russian settlement, which is represented as not less deserving of notice than any of the others. Over all, with the exception of the last, the spirit of Frederic is diffused; indeed, it may be said of the place in general, that, go where you may, some reminiscence of the old warrior meets you. We have houses with fronts that might suffice for the abode of royalty, inhabited by very poor burghers. Statues of gods and goddesses oppose you at every turn; and the lintels of a butcher's-stall, and of a haberdasher's shop, are alike surmounted by some classical device in basso-relievo. Yet to enjoy all this there seems to be no living creature in the town, except the soldiery. Potsdam is a huge barrack, and its streets afford space for hardly a single lounger who is not in uniform.

The Garrison Church is an exceedingly pretty thing of the kind. Its principal ornament, to be sure, is Frederic's tomb, which stands just beneath the pulpit; while over it hang the flags and eagles which, in the late war, the Prussians won from the armies of Napoleon. The tomb itself is quite plain,—a mere metal

sarcophagus, within which—so as not to be polluted by the earth,—the ashes of Frederic lie. But that which the Prussians justly valued, with a regard which fell little short of superstition, is no longer there. Frederic's sword, which used to rest above the coffin lid, was removed to Paris; and, to the inexpressible regret of the nation, could never be recovered.

The behaviour of Napoleon, when he entered this town as a conqueror, seems to have been, like his bearing in general, full of inconsistencies. He went, it seems, to the tomb of Frederic, and bowed the knee before it, saying audibly, "Hadst thou been alive, I never should have been here." He paid, too, the most scrupulous regard to all the arrangements in what had been the apartments of the mighty dead; suffering no article of furniture to be moved from its place, nor even the hands of the watch, which still point to the hour when Frederic breathed his last, to be altered. Yet, not content with plundering the palaces of their choicest pictures, he stole the conqueror's sword from the conqueror's grave. It was a base deed, which has neither been for-

gotten nor forgiven by the people whose feelings it outraged. And the consequence is, that when the captured eagles are pointed out to the stranger, care is always taken to make him aware, that they are suspended where they hang, as trophies of the vengeance which Prussia took on the violators of her mighty monarch's grave

It is satisfactory to an Englishman to perceive, that the trophies acquired by the armies of England from those of revolutionary and imperial France, are at once more numerous and more striking than those of which any other European nation can boast. How the case may be at St. Petersburgh I do not know; but at Vienna I counted only nine eagles, at Potsdam I think there were seven; whereas in the chapel of Chelsea Hospital not fewer than thirteen adorn the walls. Is it not to be regretted, that, with such evidences before us of their worth, we should pay so much less of honour than is paid by the nations of the continent, both to the living and the dead among our brave defenders? This very Garrison Church at Potsdam, for example, has its walls covered with tablets, on which are in-

scribed the names of soldiers of all ranks, who distinguished themselves or fell in the great War of Liberation. Why are our bravest men neither decorated while living, nor honoured when dead?

The City Palace at Potsdam would scarce repay the labour of a visit, did it not contain a suite of apartments which Frederic was accustomed to inhabit; and which, with great good taste, have been preserved in the order which used to prevail during his lifetime. You approach it from the main street by a colonnade, along which, on either hand, classical statues keep guard, and are conducted into the state apartments through a gallery from which the best pictures have been removed to Berlin. The apartments in question, small and unassuming, have no power to detain you long from the more interesting chambers that lie beyond; where are seen, exactly as he left them, Frederic's writing-table, ink-stand, music-stand, bookcase filled with works in the French language, and the chair and sofas, on which he was wont to sit, with their covers much torn by the claws of his favourite dogs. So also his dormitory,

with its silver furniture, carries you back to the time when the greatest man of his day endured so much of parade, because it was necessary, —yet slept, night after night, behind these gorgeous balustrades, on a common mattress, spread upon a rude truckle bedstead. But the most curious, because most characteristic apartment in the house, is that to which Frederic was in the habit of retiring when he desired to eat a confidential supper or dinner with a friend. There is a small cabinet, well furnished, with double doors, which adjoins the king's apartment, and which, indeed, you cannot enter except by passing through that apartment. There, in the centre of the room, stands a circular table, which, being placed upon a trap-door, may be lowered down to the kitchen, and lifted up again at pleasure. It was the king's humour to eat his meals there as often as he desired to be at his ease with a companion, and as the dishes all came on arranged, as it were, by magic, so they disappeared again, on a given signal, without so much as a domestic having the opportunity of observing what the king might be about.

Exactly opposite to the window of that cabinet, and across a narrow street, is the house which Voltaire used to inhabit; where he is said often to have received by signal, invitations, which no man more relished, or knew better how to improve.

The palace of Sans-Souci stands at an easy half-hour's drive out of the town, and occupies the last of a series of terraces, which rise one above another, like a giant stair-case. You approach it by a broad avenue, on either side of which are gardens, laid out in the formal taste of the age and school of Louis XIV., with alleys, clipt hedges, fountains, and statues, all of them now exhibiting manifest tokens of neglect. I saw it under circumstances so peculiarly unfavourable, that of the scenery by which it is surrounded it would be presumption in me to speak. Woods there are, and hills and vales, with the usual attendants on hills and vales not of nature's formation; table-lands, caves and grottoes, and all the other appliances of the pastoral life. But alas, to our great discomfort, a thick coat of snow shrouded them all; and scarcely had we began to examine them in

detail, when a fresh fall put a stop to the operation. We were thus compelled to restrict the indulgence of our curiosity to such objects as the interior of the mansion might present; and to believe all that the guide told us of our own evil fortune, and of the extreme beauty of the scene when the summer's sun lights it up.

The palace itself, as seen from the exterior, is a fantastical, but not an ugly pile. It is very low, rising but a single story from the ground, and contains—at least so it seemed to me—only one suite of apartments; for numerous as were the rooms through which our *cicerone* conducted us, we passed from one to the other continually, till we found ourselves, for the second time, in the entrance hall. The front of the palace is towards the east; so that you look down over the hanging-gardens, upon the lake, the Isle of Peacocks, and other objects of exceeding interest. In the rear, there is a semicircular colonnade, within which, when infirmities bowed him down, the greatest monarch of his day used to take exercise, till even that exertion became too great, and his walks were limited to the picture-gallery. Strange to say,

the gallery in question seems never to have been completed. The walls are merely plastered, and in many places, the plaster is crumbling off.

It was in his retreat in Sans-Souci that Frederic gave the freest scope to all his humours, and whims, and caprices, as one after another they obtained an ascendancy over him. In the furnishing and decoration of his rooms, not less than in literature, all his tastes seem to have been French. We have, for example, in one place, the portrait of domestic servants, in the costume of heathen deities; in another, a country girl, a beautiful creature, doubtless, but taken in the attitude in which Frederic chanced to see her, and that not the most decorous. In like manner, the apartments allotted to his several favourites are all hung round with paper, each pattern having some reference, more or less discernable, to the habits, or genius, or character of its occupant. That in which Voltaire used to reside, no stranger will of course overlook. Its walls are covered over with the representations of birds and beasts of different species, conspicuous among

which are the parrot and the monkey. How far the king desired to exercise his wit at the expense of the philosopher, I do not know, but the finale to the arrangement is certainly in keeping with such design, if it happened to be intentional. At Frederic's desire, Voltaire wrote, on one occasion, a poem, in which he compared each of the inmates of this palace to one or other of the animals in his own apartment. Himself he likened to a chained monkey, and there are, perhaps, few persons conversant with the life and writings of the man, who will not be ready to concede that the simile was exceedingly appropriate.

I do not think that it is among the recesses of Sans-Souci, that we are apt to cherish the most satisfactory recollections of Frederic the Great. To his passion for dogs and horses, no objection could have been made, had he not carried it to an extreme which shocks our moral sense; for we may well assume that he who desired to be buried in the same grave with a favourite horse, could not draw a very broad line between the eternal destinies of the dead monarch and of the dead charger. Neither

would it be fair to condemn his taste in gardening, because the gardens about the palace are laid out so as to outrage nature in every imaginable way. But the habits of life which he indulged in, in this his retirement, accord so ill with our notions of a really great man's humour, that almost involuntarily we shrug up the shoulder, and say, What a strange medley of the mighty and the mean is human nature at the best! Frederic withdrew, from time to time, to Sans-Souci, for the avowed purpose of getting rid of the cares of state. He there, with his guests, gave himself up to recreation; and as it was his fancy to be intellectual even in his recreations, day after day was devoted to literary trifling. The poets and authors whom it was his good pleasure to see round him, racked their brains at night that they might produce extemporaneous epigrams or sonnets in the morning. Warriors and statesmen, and dames of high degree, arrayed themselves as shepherds and shepherdesses, and went forth to tend imaginary flocks, and sing pastoral songs, among hills which Frederic's soldiers had thrown up, and groves which Frederic's gardeners had

planted. All this is so silly, and the recollection of it is impressed upon you so vividly by every thing which you see in and around the palace, that I very much question whether you do not come away more humbled than gratified by the spectacle. Yet was Frederic's a mind of such an order, that had there not been wanting to it the principle without which all other qualities seem to wither ere they attain their full growth, we should have found it hard, in all history, to point out one that was superior to it. It was doubtless because he had no more elevating taste to indulge, that Frederic took refuge from himself in these tom-fooleries. Gustavus Adolphus would have sought and found amusement in far higher things.

Frederic's apartments at Sans-Souci, like those in the City Palace, have been kept religiously in the order in which they were when he died. His bed and chair, have both, indeed, been removed, the latter to the Museum in Berlin, where it is now exhibited; but in all other respects, both saloon and chamber are precisely as they were when he was in the habit of using them. In the latter hangs a portrait of

Gustavus Adolphus, the single picture which the great man permitted to be suspended there; and his time-piece, wound up for the last time by his own hand, still points to the hour, within five minutes, at which he expired, and so remains, a memorable monument of his power and of his weakness. For he who seemed to control and regulate all other influences, was, like the meanest of men, controlled at last; his watch and himself ran down together. So struck was Napoleon by the coincidence, that he would not permit the time-piece to be set a-going, even though the refusal subjected an officer on duty in the apartment to some inconvenience; and to his honour be it recorded, the same feeling of reverence appears to have animated him throughout. He wandered around the haunts of the mighty dead, like one in whose mind a superstitious feeling had been excited; and took no more away with him than a strip of cloth which he cut with his own hand from one of the faded and blotted covers of Frederic's writing-table.

Frederic's decline was, as is well known, gradual and easy. He never lost the vigour of

his mind, and continued every inch a king, even when he was carried in an arm-chair to the terrace, that he might inhale the fresh breeze, and bask in the sunshine. "I shall be nearer to him by and bye," said he, as he gazed upon the luminary. It is a pity that he should have committed so great an outrage upon decency as to desire that his body should be interred in that terrace beside his horse. For once, however, Frederic's command was disregarded. They carried his remains to the Garrison Church in Potsdam, where they now rest; and the iron gate of the colonnade through which the procession passed, was locked after them. It has never been opened since.

From Sans-Souci, not unconscious of a feeling so strangely mixed as to defy analysis, we passed to the New Palace, a large and clumsy pile, which Frederic built at the termination of the Seven Years' War, for the purpose of convincing his enemies that his resources were not exhausted. We found very little there to interest or amuse, except in the gallery, where, among a whole mass of pitiable rubbish, there are two or three tolerable pictures. Frederic's

works, likewise, of which a copy is shown in the library, enriched by marginal notes from the pen of Voltaire, attracted our attention. The latter are often caustic enough, particularly in reference to the king's French style, on the purity of which Frederic greatly prided himself; yet the language of flattery is not wholly wanting. At the end of one of Frederic's letters, the critic has written these words: *Que esprit! de grace d'imagination! quil est doux de vivre aux pieds d'un tel homme.*

We could have willingly extended our tour of investigation to the Russian village, and the Marble Palace near it; but the snow fell so fast, and the cold became so intense, that having returned to the hotel to dinner, our reluctance to quit the shelter which it afforded was not to be overcome. The remainder of the day was accordingly spent within doors, and our sleep at night was sound.

From Potsdam to Dresden will occupy the traveller who journeys, as we did, by easy stages, three days. He will find little during the first two of these to interest him very deeply. At Juterbogk, to be sure, a town of

some four thousand inhabitants, is preserved in the church of St. Nicholas the indulgence-box of Tetzel, Luther's opponent, whom Hans von Hacke, a robber-knight, plundered of it and the produce of the pardons which had been sold to the credulous. Moreover there is a larger sprinkling of wood over the face of the country in general after you quit Treuenbrietzen, the point whence the roads to Leipsig and Dresden diverge. But not till you have fairly passed the Prussian border, and entered upon the Saxon territory, can there be said to be any palpable improvement in the scenery. Then, however, the change is very remarkable; nor do you cease, till Dresden itself is won, ever after to be surrounded by objects of which the beauty is perhaps enhanced by the contrast which they offer to the wearisome, though well-cultivated plains that you have left behind.

The first Saxon town which you enter is Grossenhayn. It contains a population of between five and six thousand souls, and was, when we approached it, in all the bustle of a fair; that is to say, the centre of the Platz was occupied by booths and stalls of various de-

scriptions, through which country-people were passing to and fro, as if to make purchases. It was clear, however, either that this could not be the great market in the year, or that Grossenhayn was not a place of first-rate commercial importance; for the goods exposed to sale were neither very varied, nor very valuable, nor were the purchasers very numerous. Indeed, the general air of the place was that of a town which had seen its best days. The few lamps that were, hung from cords that were drawn across the streets. The sewers all ran in the middle of the carriage-road; and the people seemed to accord well with their antique, and in some instances, dilapidated habitations. We stopped to dine, and were but indifferently served, at the sign of the Star (Löwe); after which we resumed our progress; each mile introducing us into scenery which more and more reconciled us to the tedious rate at which we travelled.

The country that intervenes between Grossenhayn and the plain of Dresden, bears no slight resemblance to many parts of Kent. There is the same alternation of hill and dale,

the same beautiful feathering of wood, and the same fair disposition of villages and hamlets, each lying in the shelter of its own deep dell. By-and-by a lake is descried upon your left, of which the waters, at one point, well nigh wash the side of the road; and on an island in the midst of it stands the palace of Moritzburg, once the favourite resort of the Saxon princes, and the place where several of them have been born. It was built by the Elector Maurice, and is surrounded by a park and garden; both neat, but neither of them extensive; and it contains a complete set of tapestries copied from Raphael's cartoons, as well as some curious old furniture, and a collection of trophies of the chase. One pair of antlers, which numbers not fewer than sixty-six branches, is a noble specimen of what horns may come to. Here Marshal Saxe, one of the great men of his day, first saw the light; and hither, till very lately, the royal family used, at certain seasons, to repair, to enjoy the sport of fishing, if sport that may be called, which consists in hauling out a boat-load of perch and pike in nets, making your selection of the finest, and throw-

ing the rest back again to their mud-beds. As seen from the road, the palace ought to be imposing; for it is large, it belongs to the same order with Holyrood House at Edinburgh, and has circular towers at each of the angles; yet the effect of the flaring red tiles with which it is covered, is unhappy; and the dingy hue of the reedy water round it is not pleasing. We had ample leisure to examine it, for one of our horses cast a shoe when ascending the hill hard by; and to get such a misfortune remedied, even when you have found out the blacksmith, is not, in a Saxon village, the work of a moment.

At last the shoe was replaced, and not entirely free from the apprehension that night would close round us ere we should gain the brow of the last range of hills from which Dresden becomes visible, we resumed our journey. In this respect, however, our alarm proved groundless. The assurance to the postilions of an additional drinkgeldt made them forget their customary kindness to their horses, and we drove on at a rate which would have done no discredit to English coachmanship. It was well that we did so. The space

between us and the capital proved wider than we had anticipated, and picturesque as the scenery was, we were beginning to get impatient, when all at once, after emerging from a thick wood, our driver exclaimed, as we began to descend the hill, "Behold Dresden!" We looked forth, and the spectacle was such as could not fail to excite in us the most pleasureable emotions. There lay the queen-like city, in the centre of an enormous plain, yet belted in on every side by an amphitheatre of low hills; her domes and gilded spires flashing back the rays of the setting sun, and her lordly river sweeping on his course with noiseless majesty. I really think that the first sight of Dresden, as the traveller catches it from the side by which we approached, is one of the most striking things of the kind which it is possible to conceive. It reminded me of the view which you obtain of Oxford from Shotover, more than anything else; except that as the plain of Dresden is incalculably wider than that of Oxford, so are the hills more imposing; while the Elbe is to the Isis like Loch-Lomond to a fish-pond, or the falls of Niagara to the cascade at Virginia Water.

We drove on in the highest spirits; passed the barricade unquestioned, gained our hotel just as darkness closed in, and deferred till the morrow, the business of seeing sights, and delivering introductory letters.

CHAPTER VI.

DRESDEN.—ITS BUILDINGS, STREETS, AND EXHIBITIONS.—STATE OF SOCIETY.—THE REVOLUTION OF 1830.—ITS RESULTS.—DOMESTIC HABITS.—MUSIC.—MORALS.—THE CHURCH.—COMMERCIAL SPIRIT.

I WOULD just as soon think of writing a description of Cheltenham, as a topographical account of Dresden. Every man, and woman, and child in Europe, knows that it stands astride upon the Elbe, that the old town is connected with the new by the finest bridge in Germany, and that contrary to all precedent, as we find it established, at least, in this our favoured land, the old town is still, and bids fair to continue, the court end of the Saxon metropolis. There, indeed, just across the river, is the Schloss, or palace, connected by a sort of covered gallery, or bridge, with the Roman Catholic church; which the royal family, papists since the days of Augustus II. of Poland, attend with praiseworthy exactitude. There, too, is the Frauen-Kirche, a massive, but clumsy

pile, the Picture Gallery, the great China Warehouse, and indeed all the other objects which strangers visit; and there, taking a pattern from the king, reside, during the gay months at least, almost all, both of foreigners and natives, who desire to be accounted people of fashion. To be sure, the builder is doing his work rapidly on the right bank of the Elbe likewise. The Royal Library has, within these few years, arisen there; and the Neu Markt, with its bronze statue of the Elector King of Poland, is a fine thing. But though several English families reside here, and the suburb is fair, and stretches well along the Pilnitz road, this is certainly not the fashionable end of Dresden.

With a prodigious number of objects which it is necessary for him to inspect, I am inclined to believe that the traveller is, in nine cases out of ten, disappointed with Dresden. In the first place, it is, as a capital, on a very small scale, for the population does not exceed seventy thousand souls. In the next place, the buildings, which look well at a distance, are all found, when you examine them in detail, to be wanting. The Old Palace, for example, is a mere

mass of stone and lime, without air or character, or any attempt at decoration; while the church which adjoins to it is in the very worst style of Italian architecture. Masses of ill-hewn statues surmount its innumerable buttresses, and look down upon you, in all directions, from the edge of the parapet that environs the roof. In like manner, the Dome-Kirche, or Frauen-Kirche, resembles more an old-fashioned pepper-box, than any other production of art or nature. Neither can more be said in reference to the streets and squares, than that they are quite peculiar. The former, generally narrow, seldom run in a straight line; the latter, paved all over, deserve no more sounding title than that which is actually applied to them; they are mere market-places. Nevertheless, the stranger who may happen to wander through them on a festival or fair, will find more to amuse than in the gorgeous but deserted squares of Berlin. For Dresden, though a small capital, is a city of great stir and bustle. Much business is transacted there; travellers from all nations, are perpetually passing through, and the productions of field and loom, of the workshop and the dairy,

are brought in on a scale of great abundance. I do not know any where a more pleasing spectacle of its kind than that which the Alt Markt presents about nine or ten o'clock on a May morning. Among the booths and stalls which fill up the area, flower women are moving about and offering for sale the prettiest garlands that ever were woven, while along the trottoirs (for here such things are) well-dressed people hold on the tenor of their way right merrily.

The great charm of Dresden is, however, the exceeding beauty of its environs. He who looks forth from the Bruhl Terrace, the favourite resort of the lounger on a summer's evening, sees beneath him the lordly Elbe, sweeping along with a mighty current, and though not, like our own Thames, crowded with shipping, still enlivened by the passing and repassing over its surface of numerous barges and pleasure-boats. Beyond it lie fields that laugh with standing corn, a prodigious plain, which stretches perhaps twenty miles in length, by half as many in width; the whole of it fertile to an extent such as I have not seen equalled in any other

quarter of Germany; and cultivated with a care and nicety which are truly admirable. And then on the north, and south, and west, ranges of low hills come in, some of them bare, others wooded, others clothed with vineyards, from the bases to the tops, while in the east, the more rugged summits of the Saxon Switzerland appear, lifted just far enough above the horizon to set the imagination to work, at the same time that they form a noble back-ground to the picture.

The Bruhl Terrace, from which the reader and I are presumed, at this moment, to be gazing, is an elevated platform, which overhangs the river; and which is approached from the southern extremity of the bridge by a noble flight of steps. It runs along the front of the Palace of Bruhl, so named after Augustus II.'s profligate minister; and being shaded by rows of pollarded trees, offers numerous attractions to the idle and the luxurious. Should the humour prevail, you may pass from it almost all round the ramparts; for Dresden, like Hamburg, has been denuded of its fortifications; and boulevards, tastefully laid out, have taken the

place of bastion and curtain. Moreover, when satisfied with your inspection of these, you may turn into the Japanese Gardens, which are exceedingly beautiful, and command a noble view of the bridge and all the most striking edifices in the town; while the Zwinger Garden, though less extensive, as it is contiguous, will not, of course, be neglected. Moreover, there is the Park, with its shady avenue, extending almost to Meissen; the Grosse Garten, on the road to Pirna, scarce an English mile from the ditch; a fair meadow, I know not by what name called, which, washed by the waters of the Elbe, stretches upwards in the direction of the Saxon Sweitz; and, though last not least, the picturesque and well-made road, which conducts by the Linkische Bad, and Findlater's Vineyard, to Pilnitz. Take what direction you may, in short, your rides and walks in the vicinity of Dresden are all of them beautiful; while such is the compact arrangement of the city, that ten minutes will suffice to carry you from the centre clear of the last suburb, and amid the fresh breezes of the champaign.

Of the Palace, the Gallery, the Green Vaults,

the Rust-Kaumur, or any other of the exhibitions which it is the duty of the valet-de-place to point out, and of the traveller to inspect, I am not going to say one word. They have all been described a dozen times at least; and were it otherwise, I am not sure that much either of instruction or amusement is to be derived from the perusal of a mere catalogue of names, even if it be enriched with notes and comments. With respect to the Picture Gallery, I may, indeed, observe, that it merits all that has been said of it, as well in commendation, as the reverse. Comprising the choicest collection of master-pieces that is to be met with on the north side of the Alps, it exhibits, more than anything of the sort which I, at least, have visited, melancholy tokens of neglect; for the paintings are uncleaned, the frames dingy, and the whole arrangement of the apartments such as to produce a sense of positive pain. The king, it appears, complains that he is too poor to deal differently by it; and the states have either not been applied to for a grant in aid, or have refused it. And the result is, that for lack of fires during the winter months, and a

little more care in the summer, gems of inestimable value run some risk of being eaten away. As to classification, in the order either of subjects, or masters, nothing of the kind seems ever to have been attempted; and the people who wait upon you while you linger amid the halls, do not appear either to value the pictures themselves, or to care whether they are rightly esteemed by others. It is different with the Graun Vaults, the treasures contained in which appear to command the utmost respect of the Saxons. The jewels and enamel, and gold and silver plate, carved ivory, and precious stones which fill these chambers, are very precious in the eyes of the parties who exhibit them, and care is taken to inform you, that if converted into money, they would more than discharge the whole amount of the national debt.

The state of society in Dresden, and indeed, throughout Saxony in general, is very different now from what it was ten years ago. Formerly the king exercised almost unlimited authority; for the representatives of provinces, though acknowledged as his counsellors, were without influence, and the nobles took care to sup-

port his privileges, in order that their own might not be invaded. The king's word thus became law, and the amount of taxes to be levied on the subject was fixed by his sole pleasure, or the supposed exigencies of the hour. Meanwhile in country places, feudalism prevailed to a very considerable extent. The proprietors of land, for example, exercised over their tenantry and peasants powers, not, indeed, unshackled, but very ample. They not only exacted from them labour on the demesne, with suit and service when necessary, but administered justice among them, as well in cases criminal, as in cases civil. It was a lawyer from the nearest town, paid and nominated to the office by the noble, who decided all disputes between one bouerman and another; while except in graver cases, the same judge, acting under the same authority, took cognizance of offences against the laws, and punished the offender.

In spite of the restraint which such an order of things must necessarily impose upon the developement of men's energies, Saxony throve and prospered. The population was always an

industrious one; and power in the hands either of king or noble, seems rarely to have been abused. Of practical liberty, likewise, there was no lack; and in the towns,—the great nurseries of a nation's wealth,—a good deal of self-government prevailed. But the influence of the three glorious days of July was felt, even in this remote corner, and Saxony, forsooth, following the example of France and the Netherlands, must needs have her revolution.

It chanced that at this critical period, the king's councils were directed by an individual, whom the nobles hated for his pride and arrogance,—the people for his extreme rapacity. The king himself, likewise, Anthony, the brother of Frederic Augustus, and uncle of the reigning monarch, was not popular; for his habits of life were too recluse for the genius of his subjects, and they contrasted him, not to his advantage, with his predecessor, whom they positively adored. The embers of dissatisfaction which had long smouldered, burst out into a flame. There was a tumult one day in the city, which the slightest exercise of firmness might have put down, but with which neither

the old king nor his selfish and timid minister had the courage to grapple. The rioters felt their power, and turned it to account. Mobs began to assemble forthwith, elsewhere than in the capital. Cries were heard for Liberty and a Constitution; and bands of men paraded the streets, shouting aloud, "Down with the minister: let us have Frederic for our king." Meanwhile, orders had been issued to the troops, that not on any pretence whatever should they fire upon the people; and the people having ascertained that fact, did not fail to act upon their knowledge. The guards were literally chased from their stations by bands of women and children: then followed scenes of rapine and disorder, during which several lives were lost, and which would have probably ended in a general sack of the city, had not an individual gallantly thrown himself into the breach; and without any authority from the frightened government, hurried forth to allay the storm. Lieutenant-General Baron de Gablentz, who now acts as governor of Dresden, rode into the middle of the throng, addressed the populace, assured them that all their reasonable

demands would be attended to, and called upon such as valued life and property, and the cause of good government, to rally round him. He himself bound a white handkerchief about his left arm, in token, as he said, that he would support a constitutional monarchy; and his example was promptly followed by all who had property to lose. The consequence was, the formation, on the spot, of a corps of national guards, by whose exertions the tumult was put down; and which still continues embodied, its members all wearing, when under arms, the badge which, on that day of universal alarm and confusion, they had assumed.

The results of this revolution,—if such it deserve to be called,—were, that the king was stripped of all real influence, by the association with himself on the throne, of the present monarch, then Prince Frederic. The obnoxious minister received, of course, his dismissal; and by-and-by came out proclamations, in which everything that had been sought by the more considerate leaders in the revolt, was conceded. Hereditary jurisdictions were abolished, except in very rare cases, and the power which used

to be exercised by the seigneurs, was henceforth given up, in point of fact, to the people. All towns now elect their own municipalities, and are governed by laws of their own making; while rural districts being divided into departments, have each its own magistracy, whom the people not only choose, but whom in case of malversation, they, and they only, have the right to degrade from office.

In point of numerical strength, the municipalities differ, as may be supposed, in proportion to the relative magnitude of the towns over which they preside. In the most inconsiderable, however, as in Schandau, a watering-place in the Saxon Sweitz, we find a burgomaster, a stadtrichter, and a stadtschriber,—the former answering very much to the mayor, in one of our boroughs,—the latter to a town clerk and public notary. These are all elected by the citizens, for life: yet are they liable, on conviction of incapacity or unfair dealing, to be degraded,—a fate which seldom or never overtakes them, though the right of awarding it rests with the electors. Their powers are very considerable, in reference both to person

and property; for they regulate the police of the township, punish offenders against the public peace, hear and determine causes between man and man, and both fix the amount of rates to be levied on the citizens, and determine how the produce shall be expended. They are all salaried officers, who derive their own revenues from the local taxes; while the stadtschriber makes over and above what he can, of the litigious propensities of his neighbours.

While the townships are thus governed, the districts absolutely rural enjoy the superintendence of a distinct magistracy,—not, as with us, appointed by the crown, and giving a pledge for their personal respectability, in the amount of the stake which they hold in the country,—but chosen by a certain number of townships, one of which becomes, as it were, the capital of the circle. In the election of these magistrates, every rate-payer has a voice; and as they, like the burgomasters, are all stipendaries, the magistracy becomes, in fact, their vocation. It is necessary, however, before a man can be appointed to the magisterial office, that he should receive a legal education, and be

possessed of some small portion of land, and of the house in which he resides. But as the crown had no part in conveying the authority which he wields, so it is not consulted, if by any chance his degradation should be deemed necessary. The same power which conferred, can alone take away, both the emoluments and the dignity of office.

In every circle or department there is a capital, where the magistrates hold periodical meetings, and try such cases as may be brought before them. Of the department within which Schandau, for example, lies, Hohenstein is the chief seat; and in the old castle of Hohenstein the magisterial meetings take place. Yet the rural magnates have no right to interfere with the management of any matter, whether civil or criminal, which may have occured within the limits of the township of Schandau. Schandau has its peculiar jurisdiction, and is only so far connected with the lesser hamlets round it, that its rate-payers lend their assistance in the selection of fit and proper men, to superintend the affairs of their less privileged neighbours.

From the decisions of these local courts an appeal lies to the King's Courts in Dresden,—tribunals, of which the judges are nominated by the crown, and by the crown are paid. Not that such appeals are often made, for the process is expensive, and the determinations of the inferior courts seem generally to give satisfaction. Moreover, in criminal cases where life and death are at issue, the trial takes place uniformly at Dresden. The accused is, indeed, arrested and committed, in the first instance, to the prison of the district; but he passes thence, under an escort, to the capital; where, should the decision be against him, he is condemned, and afterwards sent back, that the execution may take place within the circle which witnessed the commission of the crime. In Saxony, persons sentenced to suffer a capital punishment die by decapitation; and near the prison of each district there is a mound, called, from the scenes which are enacted upon it, the Gallows Hill. Here the unfortunate criminal ends his bad career by the hands of one who unites in his own person all those incongruous privileges and attributes which we might

expect to find bestowed by a people so imaginative as the Germans, on the public executioner. Of old the office of headsman in Saxony used to be assured, by law, to particular families. Since 1830 the people claim the right of electing their own executioner; yet such is the force of habit that the son, provided he be duly qualified, is almost always chosen to succeed his father. Once chosen, moreover, the headsman takes rank, in some sort, as a gentleman. He inhabits a house, which, as well as a portion of land, is allotted to him by the department. All horses and cattle that die a natural death within the department become his property; and out of this perquisite he not unfrequently derives more substantial advantages than might be supposed. For the bouerman is entitled, when his horse falls sick, to sell him to the executioner at a stipulated price; that is, provided he judge it more expedient to get rid of a dying animal, for a trifling gain, than to give away the dead carcase for nothing. The process is this:—The farmer's horse is taken ill. He believes it will not recover, and having hung on to the last moment, he comes

to the conclusion, that his wisest course will be to sell it to the headsman. He must remove it, however, for this purpose, to the headsman's paddock. If the animal be strong enough to carry a rider to the gate, the farmer demands, and must receive for it, a dollar. If it be too far gone for this, he leads it to its new owner, and is paid with sixteen groschen. The headsman gains little or nothing in either case, provided the animal die; though he is never the loser, because hide, and heels, and shoes, are always worth a dollar. But the horse sometimes recovers,—and then he may sell for fifty dollars an animal which he purchased for one.

Such are the perquisites of office that attach to the situation of public executioner in Saxony. The drawbacks attending it are not inconsiderable; for not even the revolution of 1830 has been able to deliver men's minds entirely from the power of prejudice. The executioner in Saxony is still a personage with whom no one would willingly associate. The law treats him as a public functionary, and ranks him, well nigh, with the magistracy,

—the people hold aloof from his companionship; indeed, the time is not distant since the cup out of which he had drunk in a public-house, would have been set aside by the host, and never used again till it was to himself again presented. I believe that there is now a good deal of softening down in this respect; but he is still a marked man, of whose intimacy the poorest are not ambitious, and into whose family few women would willingly marry.

It was not, however, in these respects alone that the *emeute* of 1830 accomplished mighty things for the Saxon people. Saxony has now its parliament, its upper and its lower house, with a king so checked and hampered, that beyond the nominal right of choosing his own ministers, and putting a veto on such enactments as may be distasteful to him, his prerogatives do not extend. In his person he is, to be sure, still sacred; and from him all honours, commands in the army, and such like, proceed. But his power is essentially as stinted as the most ardent admirer of popular institutions could wish. The parliament, again, consists of a senate and chamber of representatives, the

former, composed of fifty-two members, the latter of three hundred. Of the senators some take their seats by virtue of their offices,—as the Roman Catholic bishop, the king's principal chaplain, a Protestant, the dean of the university, and one or two great officers of state. Of the remainder, some sit in right of their holdings, and transmit their privileges as senators with their estates to their children; while others are elected for each parliament, by a constituency of their own order. The qualification for a seat in the senate is the same that is required to entitle a man to vote in the election of a senator,—namely, a landed estate, of which the yearly value shall not fall short of six thousand dollars.

To the lower house, or Chamber of Deputies, all citizens elect,—that is to say, all heads of families who in any way contribute to the public burdens. The candidate, on the other hand, must make it apparent that he possesses property to the amount of a thousand dollars a year. On this, however, if elected, he need not depend for his own subsistence; for in Saxony the deputies are paid, and even the

senators do not scruple to accept a maintenance from the country. The pay of the senator is, if I recollect aright, seven dollars a day during the actual sitting of parliament; the deputies are assumed to require no more than three dollars.

It is not easy to suppress a smile while contemplating all this parade of liberal institutions among a people who not only do not value, but seem hardly to understand, the uses to which liberal institutions ought to be turned. The Chamber of Deputies, for example, presents as rare a spectacle of decorum and pliability as the heart of man need desire. By far the larger proportion of its members being honest, but ignorant countrymen, are entirely at the beck of a few clever citizens, as they, in their turn, are guided by the minister, with a very little exercise, on his part, of finesse and patronage. Thus, though all money-bills must needs, as among ourselves, originate in the Chamber of Deputies, the minister has but to propose his plan through an agent, and he is sure to carry it,—the simple-minded representatives conceiving that, in the matter of taxes,

a statesman by profession must, of course, be a surer guide than themselves. Meanwhile the constituency, especially in the rural districts, complain loudly that their parliament is worse than useless; that it saddles them with burdens which, under the old system, they were not required to bear; that now they have three hundred and fifty sovereigns to maintain instead of one. Moreover the rigid censorship which is still exercised over the press, as it keeps the Saxon public profoundly ignorant of what is passing in their parliament, so has it the effect of rendering the members indifferent as to the results of motions for which no human being ever holds them responsible. As to speaking —such a thing is unknown in the Chamber of Deputies. There are no reporters to send the harangue far and wide; and who, even at Westminster, would care to hold forth, were not vanity enlisted on the side of his sense of public duty? In the upper house the case is somewhat different, for it is composed of men who do occasionally speak. The king's brother, the Prince John, is there a chief declaimer.

One is a good deal surprised to find in Dresden almost as much of the sword and feather as at Berlin. The whole Saxon army amounts only, I believe, to ten or twelve thousand men; yet it seemed to me as if the garrison of the capital could not fall short of three thousand, which, as well infantry as cavalry, presented a very respectable appearance. The artillery is not so good; for the gun-carriages are heavy, and the horsing and general equipment, indifferent. But the men are all young, active, well clothed, and well armed; and if they do slouch somewhat in their gait, they are at least as upright as the Prussians. What the morale may be which pervades the Saxon army now, I do not know. During the war of 1813-14 it was excellent,—at the period of the revolution of 1830 it was beneath contempt; whether it has recovered, or is likely to recover, I cannot tell. But as the system of conscription prevails here, exactly as it does in Prussia, I am inclined to augur favourably of the spirit of the conscripts. They are all mere recruits, it is true, but they seem both willing and intelligent.

The social order of things in Dresden appears to me, to be very pleasantly arranged. There are no overgrown fortunes anywhere, whether among the native or foreign residents, —consequently there is very little straining after display, either in the equipages which you meet, or at the parties to which you may be invited. Few families occupy what the Scotch denominate self-contained houses, but living, as in Paris, principally in flats, they very seldom oppress themselves with a large retinue of servants. Their entertainments, too, do not often involve them in more serious expenses than may be requisite to provide for their guests a little coffee, or tea, or lemonade, or sugar and water; from which, after an hour or two of conversation, or music, or dancing, or all combined, the guests depart in as good health and spirits as if they had demolished a dozen haunches of venison, and drunk a case of champagne. In the same spirit families go forth, *en masse*, after the summer has set in, to enjoy the cool of the evening and the bands that play in the public gardens. Sunday is, of course, the favourite day in the week for

this species of relaxation; and it is but fair to add, that people seem to avail themselves of it in Saxony with a much greater show of decorum than marks the proceedings, under similar circumstances, of their neighbours in Prussia.

The court of Dresden is exceedingly hospitable, and kind, and unpretending. If it deserve censure at all, I am inclined to blame it for the marked preference which is shown to foreigners over the native nobility,—a preference which may be politic, if the sole object be to cause the circulation of money in the capital by filling it with strangers,—but which is felt and complained of, not without reason, by the parties neglected. Yet is the king, and indeed every member of the royal family, most popular. You meet him everywhere, driving about in a plain carriage and pair, and wholly unattended; and you always observe that the passers-by salute him with not more of respect than of affection in their manner. They express regret, it is true, because of his bigotry to the Church of Rome; and look with an envious eye on the growing influence of the

Romish clergy; yet the king himself they love sincerely, and the Prince John they both love and respect.

The Saxons, like all the branches of the great German family, are very musical. The opera in Dresden is, therefore, well attended at all times, and the singing and orchestra are both good; while, in the church of the palace, mass is performed in a style which startles almost as much as it delights. This, indeed, is not to be wondered at, when we remember that the corps which performs in the playhouse every evening in the week, is marched over on Sunday morning to sing and play in church; but I confess that, to my prejudiced ear, the effect was not good. There was too much crash of fiddles, and too light a strain in the chaunting throughout. With the opera itself, on the other hand, I cannot conceive how it is possible to be otherwise than charmed. You go, without parade or fuss, in your morning costume, if it be more convenient,—in full dress, if you prefer it,—and, taking your seat at six o'clock, listen for three hours to exquisite music. And when this ceases, you will find

yourself, at nine, on the Bruhl Terrace, enjoying the bright moonlight, and the glorious scene over which it is poured; or you return home, having suffered neither inconvenience nor fatigue by a protracted detention in a heated theatre. How much more rational are these arrangements than our own,—where the one object with the manager seems to be, that his patrons, the public, shall get as much of heat and noise, and bad odours as possible, for their money.

There is throughout Germany, and nowhere more strikingly than in Dresden, a line of distinction drawn between the different orders in society, which, though it appear to incommode no human being where crowds congregate,—as in public places,—is never, in the private amenities of life, overstepped. I say nothing of the barrier which seems to oppose itself to any sincere amalgamation of English with native society. The habits of the two people are, in many respects, so opposite, and the prejudices on both sides so strong, and so little concealed, that this is not to be wondered at;—but there are other gaps in the social chain

of Dresden besides this. Men of letters and of reputation as artists, rarely, if ever, mix in what is called fashionable companies. Tieck, and Tredge, and Carus, and Retzsch, seldom either pass the limits of their own dens, or open their doors to strangers; or if they do, it is only to their acknowledged admirers,—to ladies and gentlemen who esteem it a privilege to be admitted,—by one to his public readings, —by another to soirées, where he is not only the chief, but the sole object of attraction. Madame De Staël, I think it is, who remarks of the literateurs of Germany, that their sensibilities are too morbid to endure collision with the working-day world. Here and there they are beginning to overcome this reserve,—as in Berlin, and even in Vienna. But in Dresden it still affects them to a degree which is quite painful.

The moral tone in Dresden is, I have reason to believe, much higher and purer, and better, than in almost any other of the greater capitals in Germany. Among the upper classes, indeed, it is quite unexceptionable; and I am inclined to attribute the circumstance to the fact, that

the moral influence of the court being diffused throughout a circle comparatively narrow, is, by every portion of that circle, felt beneficially. In the humbler ranks, I am sorry to say, that a different account is given. Here, as in Berlin, there is really no pretence of religious principle anywhere; and where religious principle is not operative, it were vain to look for virtue among the lowly. The dread of losing caste may restrain a person of rank,—the desire of standing well with those whose countenance is coveted; but the shopkeeper, and all below the shopkeeper, must be swayed by holier motives, otherwise they cannot be expected to resist temptations, by yielding to which they will sustain no immediate detriment. Not that Dresden is destitute of its popular preacher,—with whose genius and its fruits the whole of Northern Germany rings; and the sort of reading of the Bible which best goes down in Saxony, may be judged of from the tenor of the work which he has lately published. In a series of discourses delivered in the Dome Kirche, and since collected and put forth to

the world, the learned Doctor undertakes to prove, that each age of the world has received from God the sort of revelation which was best adapted to its condition; and that, as the patriarchal gave way to the Mosaic, and the Mosaic to the Christian dispensation, so is it to be expected that, in God's own time, this latter dispensation, under which we now live, shall be supplanted by a better. When men, who gravely affect to believe God's word, can thus deal with it, and bring to their tasks talents and eloquence such as the gentleman in question undeniably possesses, it would be idle to expect that there can exist anywhere that spirit of humble piety which softens the heart, and purifies the mind, and induces, among such as are swayed by it, habits of self-control, and self-distrust, and humility.

The observations which I have hazarded in reference to the Lutheran church of Prussia, will apply very nearly to the state of the same church in Saxony, except in this:—that the clergy have much more weight in the management of the national education here, than they

have, or can ever expect to attain, in Prussia. In Dresden, as at Berlin, there is a Minister of Public Instruction, who superintends the working of a machinery, not dissimilar in its main features to that which operates in Prussia; but his council, instead of acting by sections, from the most important of which ecclesiastics are shut out, acts as one body, and is composed mainly of ecclesiastics. In like manner, the village schools come, at least in theory, much more under the immediate control of the pastor; and at the universities, as well as in the gymnasia, ecclesiastical influence is paramount. Still the extreme poverty of the clergy, the humble station which they fill in society, the habits which of necessity they acquire, and their general ignorance, all render them, as guides of public feeling, and controllers of public principle, virtually inefficient. The Saxons are not, in any class, a religious people; and if in some they deserve to be accounted virtuous, the merit of their virtue is due, certainly not to the exertions of the clergy, but in part, perhaps, to constitutional coldness, in part to the good example which is set them by the court.

The Saxons are, perhaps, the most enterprising people in Germany. It is their great ambition to become a commercial people; and they are making gigantic efforts to accomplish their end. Having no other outlet to their powers, no professions, such as the bar or the church, or even the army or navy, with us, almost all young men of talent and enterprise apply their energies to trade. Railroads, too, are springing up everywhere. Manufactures are encouraged. Youths travel far and near, to increase their acquaintance with the principles of barter, or the details of particular arts, and returning home again, give to their native land the full benefit of their experience. As a necessary consequence, the conversation at a table-d'hôte turns almost always upon the exchanges. Yet are the nobility still reluctant to sully their scutcheons by dipping them in the troubled stream of commercial speculation. Even banking, which, in England at least, partakes somewhat of the nature of an aristocratic amusement, is, in Saxony, given up to mere traders. The experience of a few years will probably cure the Saxons of this folly; for un-

less some unexpected check be given to the course of events which now runs on in a deep and well-defined channel, the period is not remote when in Saxony, as in England, men's rank and station in society will be counted more from the amount of their revenues, than the purity of their blood.

The shops in Dresden are as commodious, and the articles offered for sale as attractive, in their several degrees, as one meets with in any other town of Germany. The linen and porcelain, in particular, are both of them excellent; for the latter has about it all the nice adornment of that of Berlin, with a delicacy of texture such as in Berlin has not yet been attained. Moreover, the prices of almost all articles of consumption are moderate. But I cannot say as much of house-rent. Whether the influx of a whole colony of English has of itself affected the market, I do not know; but I found upon inquiry, that a tolerable lodging for a family was not to be had under twelve or fifteen pounds a month. Now fifteen pounds a month is a large sum to pay for apartments uncarpeted, and otherwise less than half fur-

nished. Yet the Saxons demand and obtain it freely from their visitors. I do not find that natives pay so much; though they, also, begin already to complain, that we have rendered their countrymen far more exorbitant than they used to be, in their charges.

CHAPTER VII.

SAXON SWITZERLAND.—PILNITZ. — HOHENSTEIN.—SCHANDAU.—RESIDENCE THERE.—MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE.—THE PUBLIC GARDENS.—GAMES.—ABSENCE OF RELIGIOUS FEELING.—AGRICULTURE.—NATIONAL PECULIARITIES.—FORM OF WORSHIP, AND ADMINISTRATION OF THE SACRAMENT.

THOUGH summer be unquestionably the season of the year when travelling is, on every account, the most agreeable, it is not exactly that which a stranger would desire to spend as a resident, even in Dresden. Beautiful as the environs are, and little as the city itself partakes of the désagrémens which attach to capitals in general, it is, from May to October, so completely deserted by all who have the means of going elsewhere, that you traverse the empty streets with a sense of positive depression on your spirits. For myself, I soon discovered that, whatever might be the case in winter, there would be very little enjoyment of the dog-days in the Saxon capital. We therefore made up our

minds to continue in the occupation of our apartments at the hotel till the sharp edge of curiosity should, in some measure, wear off; and then moving into the district which is known throughout Europe as the Saxon Switzerland, to find out there some convenient place of residence for a season.

The Saxon Sweitz, as the wild and romantic tract of country is called, which extending partly into Bohemia, connects Saxony with the Austrian dominions, rather than divides them, lies at the distance of fourteen or sixteen miles from Dresden. There are two roads by which you may approach it, both of them beautiful; one along the left bank of the Elbe, which carries you by Pirna to Königstein; the other on the right bank, which leads by Findlater's Vineyard, Pilnitz, and Lunen, to the magnificent Bastei, or the scarcely less striking Hohenstein. It so happens that my first acquaintance with the glories of that most singular country was made through the instrumentality of the latter of these routes; and as first impressions, they say, are, in all cases, the most enduring, I shall venture, as far as my feeble powers of descrip-

tion go, to convey to the reader's mind some faint and imperfect notion of the sort of scene into which that pleasant progress introduced me.

It was a dull and lowery day towards the end of April, when at seven o'clock in the morning, the carriage that was to convey Mrs. Gleig and myself on our tour of inquiry after a summer quarter, arrived at the door of the hotel. The clouds which, for some time back, had been charged with snow, began soon after we set out, to cast forth their burden; and the cold, though becoming less intense in proportion as the sun gained power, continued through the day seriously to incommode us. Yet was the drive, on very many accounts, a highly interesting one. In the first place, the snow, though it fell by fits and starts, rarely impeded our view for more than ten minutes at a time. In the next place, we soon found ourselves sweeping along a macadamised road, hemmed in on the one hand by the Elbe, on the other, by a chain of low, but picturesque hills, cultivated to the summits, and laid out in vineyards. Tier above tier, in regular steps or

platforms, a succession of these petty table-lands overtopped one another; and as, in spite of the lateness of the season, the vines were beginning to put forth their fibres, the effect produced by the whole scene was highly pleasing. I may observe, in passing, that the cultivation of the vine in this northern region is an affair of not many years' standing. It has realized the expectations of the speculatist, however, to an extent on which he himself could have hardly calculated; for such has been the triumph of industry and skill over both soil and climate, that the wine produced here, both red and white, is more than endurable.

From amid these enclosures, or nestling beneath the shelter which they afforded, peered forth numerous hamlets, villages, and detached dwellings, some of which advanced claims upon our regard, even more weighty than those which might be supplied by the extreme beauty of the position. Here, for example, were the Baths of Link, a cluster of houses which derive their name from a mineral spring that rises near them, and is, by the Saxon medical men, held to be efficacious in various kinds of disorders.

Here, but more in advance, lay Findlater's Vineyard, a pretty enclosure, fenced in as a villa for his own use, by an English gentleman, but now converted into an hotel, with public gardens attached to it. By-and-by is pointed out a small and half-ruinous mansion, covered over with red tiles, and standing in the heart of a vineyard at a short bow-shot from the road. It is called Loschewitz, and is famous as the place where Schiller resided when he wrote his *Don Carlos*. Moreover, exactly facing it, on the opposite bank of the Elbe, is Blasewitz, the supposed birth-place of Gustel the Suttler, a conspicuous character in the same author's *Camp of Wallenstein;* while another half-hour's drive carries us to Hosterwitz, the house which Weber has immortalized by composing there his *Freischütz* and *Oberon*. Who could be aware of all this, and not feel that he was passing over holy ground; who could look abroad without acknowledging that the genius both of the poet and musician had found in this fair region a fitting nursery?

At Lohmen we stopped to breakfast, and were so far favoured by the weather, that the

next hour's drive, which carried us beyond the palace of Pilnitz, was performed in sunshine. Of course, we did not pass this favourite retirement of royalty, without halting to examine it, even though prepared by the unassuming character of its exterior, to find nothing either within or around, that would repay us for the labour. It is a mere country-house, long-fronted, enclosed on one side of the road by a high wall, and presenting its principal face to the river, from which it is separated only by a terrace, with a footpath running across, that is open to all the world. Here, in perfect retirement, the king spends a large portion of the summer, without state, or parade, or any other of the appliances of royalty, to disturb him; indeed, the only evidences of his presence are the scarlet-coated sentinels who keep post beside the gate, or walk their lonely rounds on the overhanging bank of the Elbe.

Something less than half an hour sufficed to make all this manifest, after which we resumed our progress. For a while the scenery underwent little change, except that we were conscious of a continued, though gradual ascent,

and by-and-by the road running through an extensive wood, all objects more remote were cut off from us. Unfortunately, too, the clouds gathered again, and sleet, instead of snow, fell in abundance; so that when we emerged from the woody screen, the atmosphere had become quite dense, and all but an indistinct view of the bold and rugged jaws of the Switzerland was shut out. And thus it continued till about two o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun broke forth once more, just as the carriage had gained the summit of a hill, and was about to descend on the other side. We let down the windows here, and looked out; and never can I forget the effect which that sudden burst produced upon me. We had gained the brow of one of the heights by which the valley, or rather glen, of Hohenstein is surrounded; and could now look down, over the tops of a climbing pine-wood, into the gorge below. Deep, deep, beneath us it lay,—a rich, green meadow, through the centre of which a trout-stream poured its waters; while, beetling over it, on the opposite side, uprose the village of Hohenstein, with its old castle, crowning the

ridge of a rock, and connected with the village only by an isthmus. Even these, however, though perhaps the most immediately attractive, were certainly neither the most striking nor the most beautiful objects, in the panorama. Towards the lower extremity of the glen, where its extent, narrow at the best, begins to grow narrower still, there is an enormous block of sandstone,—a huge mass, of a circumference so great, that forests cluster round it, and measuring in altitude, from its bed to its bald brow, not less than four or five hundred feet. It stands quite alone, is cloven, as it were, at the summit into two parts, and is joined again, as well to the hill, from which we were then looking down, as each segment to the other, by long, narrow, and fragile, rustic bridges. Then, again, the character of the whole amphitheatre was something quite different from aught on which, in any other part of the world, I have gazed. A complete curtain of pines clothed the sides of the hills, except where the rocks were too rude and barren of soil to nourish even the pine tree; while, as if to complete the picture, there stood by the river-side,—in

the very heart of the recess,—the only species of manufactory which could have accorded with such a scene,—a flour and saw-mill.

Into that glorious valley we descended by a path so steep, that to the eye of a nervous traveller it might well appear impracticable for wheeled carriages; and having reached the mill, alighted. The vehicle it was necessary to send round by a wide detour; whereas we, by climbing the face of the hill, might reach Hohenstein in a few minutes. Yet we were too much delighted with the result of our first exploratory expedition, thus abruptly to withdraw from it. Were there but apartments enough in the mill to accommodate us, how pleasantly might a month or two be spent in this retirement. Alas! the inquiry which we made soon satisfied us, that this vision, at least, was delusive. The mill, though it covered a large surface of ground, could boast of few rooms, and those few by us uninhabitable; so, not without a sense of disappointment, more sharp than the circumstances, perhaps, justly warranted, we turned our steps towards Hohenstein.

I have alluded, in another place, to this village, as being the chief seat or capital of a department; and to the castle as furnishing the magistrates with their place of meeting, besides being used as a departmental prison. Not many years have passed since the kings of Saxony kept it as a state-prison; and the dungeons in which the captives lay are still exhibited, sunk far into the bowels of the rock. Now, however, the authorities deal more mercifully with obnoxious citizens, whom they are content to shut up in cells above ground, through the grated windows of which they can look out up the court-yard, and at least inhale the pure air of heaven. The castle itself is, however, in a very dilapidated state. The outer walls are in many places broken down, and what were once barracks for troops, or lodgings for the king's retainers, have fallen sadly into decay. Yet is it inhabited. We found several maidens busy at their wash-tubs, within its principal court, and observed that the garden was not without some faint traces of most unskilful cultivation.

The carriage rejoined us here; and all our

inquiries for a lodging having ended in disappointment, we pushed on for Schandau, where we had determined to pass the night. It would be useless in me to attempt to convey, by description, any idea of the sort of country through which we passed. One or two observations may, however, be hazarded; and as these apply to the whole of the Saxon Switzerland generally, they will not, I think, be without their value, even in the eyes of such as have not, and may never have, an opportunity of comparing my statements with the reality.

It is a striking characteristic in the scenery of the Saxon Sweitz, that we found here a region of glens and ravines, and wild and romantic passes, without a single acclivity, or hill, which is not only not inaccessible, but which is not cultivated and fruitful to its very summit. With the exception, indeed, of one or two isolated rocks, such as Leinienstein and Königstein, and the Great Winterberg, (which last, however, is more than a rock, being, in fact, a solid heap of earth,) there is no point in all the province, the extreme altitude of which exceeds, perhaps, eight hundred feet from the level of the Elbe.

Moreover, though the country be riven everywhere into fissures and gullies of the most extraordinary kind, it is on one side, and on one only, that the hills which overtop each of these are rugged; while so gradual is the upward slope along the opposite side, that when you gain the ridge, you are astonished to find that there is such a thing as a precipice beneath you. On the other hand, if, as happened to us this day, your road carry you, by degrees, into one of these gorges, and you behold on either hand cliffs and rocks hanging over your head, and forests of pine scattered through their fissures, your feeling is one of positive disappointment, when, having with much peril and toil clambered up the face of the cliff, you behold corn-fields, and meadows, and the dwellings of civilized men, spread out upon a gently indulating plain before you. The term Saxon Switzerland, indeed, is one of those misnomers which, originating in the fervid imagination of some imaginative tourist, is sure to mislead all that come after him; for with Switzerland we cannot avoid associating in our own minds the thought of Alpine grandeur, whereas here, there are not

only no Alps, but nothing that can by any stretch of fancy be described as a mountain at all.

It is a maxim, I believe, of Wordsworth, that the sublime in natural scenery is much less dependant than people generally suppose, upon gigantic proportions. This is true in all cases, and nowhere has its truth been more clearly demonstrated than in the region of which I am now speaking. To reach Schandau, for example, it was necessary for us to traverse a ravine so striking that, when first beheld, and indeed, till you have examined it with an almost microscopic eye, you ask yourself the question, whether it be possible to conceive any piece of nature's handiwork more magnificent? The road passes, on a continual descent, through a narrow opening between two precipices, the enormous rocks which constitute which, rise into the air, sheer, abrupt, and in forms the most grotesque, to a height of not less than four hundred feet. So completely do these crags, and the pines that interlace them, overhang the ravine, that in many places the sun's rays never reach the bottom; while all along by the road-side, a stream holds its course,

roaring and fretting where some fallen mass dams up for a brief space its channel, and then breaking away again in volumes of foam, which subside, as the level is more and more attained, into a silver current. The ravine in question extends, I should conceive, to a distance of full four English miles, and then you gradually open out into a wider valley,—still, however, girdled in by low hills of the same character, and still watered by the stream, now swollen, through the junction of others, into a respectable rivulet. By-and-by you cross a bridge, near which a mill, with two or three cottages besides, have been planted; then you wind round a pine-clad height, in the face of which a quarry has begun to be worked, and lo, with Leinienstein lifting up his giant form on your right, and Königstein pushing forward from beneath his shoulder, the Elbe meets your gaze in all the majesty of his mighty waters. There he is,—rolling along with a current so rapid, that no power, save that of steam, can effectually stem it; and filling, on a larger scale, the very same place between his precipitous banks, which the little rivulet filled in the dark and dismal

gorge, out of which you have recently escaped. And further on, occupying a sort of tongue of land, which pushes from the hill's side, and forms a promontory in the river, stands Schandau, with its tall white church spire, its clean-looking houses, its shore, or wharf, covered with felled timber, which a whole squadron of barges, and boats, and rafts, are preparing to convey to the very coasts of the North Sea. I need not say that all this forms a scene on which the most matter-of-fact cannot look forth without having the imagination excited by it. Yet is it altogether distinct from mountain scenery in the sensations which it produces, altogether contradictory of the illusion which had been created by the name which has, perhaps, unfortunately, been given to the district.

We reached Schandau just as the twilight was beginning to deepen into night; and taking up our abode at the Bath Hotel, spent there an exceedingly pleasant evening. Next morning we considered ourselves fortunate in having found, about a bow-shot from the town, just the sort of lodging of which we were in quest. It was a detached house, furnished as Saxon

houses usually are, and containing ample room for our establishment; so we hired it on the instant, and in a few days afterwards removed thither with our children and domestics.

I confess myself to be one of those who believe, that it is not always in the capital, or among the busy haunts of a large town, that a traveller has the best opportunities of making himself acquainted with the character, and habits, and dispositions of a strange people. To the capital you doubtless turn, if your object be to examine into the machinery of the general government, or to hold converse with the great or distinguished members of the community, whether they deserve to be so accounted because of any merit attaching to themselves, or owe their greatness to circumstances not of their own creating. But of the people, properly so called, a foreigner can see in a capital very little. He may join them in their public amusements; he may observe their modes of buying and selling; he may listen to their conversation in the streets, or at a table d'hôte, and form a correct enough judgment respecting their skill as artisans; but of their character,

properly so called, that is to say, of the temper of their minds, and of the causes which produce it, he can know nothing. The state of society in one large town resembles, in all essential points, so closely the state of society in another, that the traveller soon becomes bewildered, and is not unapt to treat as peculiarities in one place, habits which, in point of fact, extend far beyond it. We resided in Schandau long enough to afford opportunities for inquiry, of which I did not fail to take advantage; and the results of them I now venture, with all possible diffidence, to place on record.

I do not know how far the Saxon character may have been affected by the late revolution, but it did not present itself to me in the amiable and attractive light, in which I was once disposed to regard it. The people are decidedly dull, and heavy, and prejudiced to an extent which casts even the prejudices of John Bull into the shade. In great and important matters, I do not mean to say that they are slow to be instructed by the experience even of strangers. As has already been stated, they are making prodigious efforts to improve both

the trade and manufactures of their country, while communication is becoming every day more rapid, as well as more regular among them. For the great roads are now excellent, and a railway is in progress which, when completed, will bring Leipsig within a few hours' drive of the capital. Yet in the minuter points of domestic economy,—in the management of their time, and the adaptation of themselves to circumstances, the Saxons are as mulish and bigoted a race as it has anywhere been my fortune to mix withal. A Saxon would think you mad, were you to suggest the possible occurrence of events which should impose upon him the necessity of dining, except at his accustomed hour; or of devoting a season which he has been wont to set aside for relaxation, to any serious or grave employment. A Saxon has no notion whatever, that either he or his neighbour may be hurried. He has been accustomed to perform every given operation in his own particular way, and not all the reasoning which you can use, will convince him that it might be improved upon. According to his own view of the case, he belongs to the

wisest, and the bravest, and the most civilized nation under heaven; and hence, every attempt on your part to wile him out of the circle within which he has hitherto moved, will be sure to fail.

The Saxon is neither a lively nor a domestic animal, even in his recreations. Though the evening of every day be given up to amusement,—during the summer in the open air, in winter under cover, his tastes are such, that, except when dancing, he rarely associates with him either his wife or his sister. No doubt the amiable couple walk arm in arm to the public garden, or to the grass plat in front of the inn, where the band is accustomed to play; but having reached that point, they separate, as if by mutual consent; and while the husband applies to smoking and drinking beer beside other husbands, the wife attaches herself to a knot of wives and maidens, who saunter about, or sit apart at a table by themselves. In like manner, when a *soirée* takes place during winter, the men range themselves at one end of the room, and the women at another; nay, to such an extent is this indisposition to asso-

ciate carried, that I have heard of places where it was seriously proposed to have one public assembly room for the men, and another for the women. At Schandau, just before we quitted it, the propriety of such an arrangement was gravely mooted; whether or not it has been carried into effect, I have not learned.

The Saxons, like other branches of the German family, profess to be great dancers; and the ball-rooms, even in such places as Schandau, are carefully kept; yet are their meetings,—I speak of those among the humbler classes,—but dull affairs after all. We find among them neither the vivacity of the French, nor the gallantry of the Austrian, nor the joyous and almost romantic devotion to the fair which marks the manner of the Spanish peasant,—but simply a violent desire to keep whirling round in the waltz, which seems to be the single figure that is practised among them. Their habit is, when the time of the festival is settled,—and it befalls at certain seasons, such as Whitsuntide, the anniversary of a saint's-day, &c. &c., to elect a master of the ceremonies, to whom they assign unlimited autho-

rity over the musicians. It is he that calls the tune,—sets the dance in motion,—determines when it shall cease, and how many couples shall join in it; and all this he performs with an air of gravity and self-importance which is truly edifying. Meanwhile each beau having made arrangements with his belle, perhaps, a good three months previous to the assembly, adheres to her throughout the evening, though his intercourse with her is limited to the moments which they spend together in the waltz, and such as may be demanded by the walk to and from the place of meeting. For here, as in the public gardens, the youth drops off from the maiden's side as soon as he shall have handed her, with great politeness, to her seat; and, either, at the lower end of the hall, or in some room adjoining, or in the open air, solaces himself with his pipe till their turn for dancing again comes round. I confess that all this disappointed me much—for, to say the truth, the spectacle became, after the first half hour, exceedingly wearisome.

The Saxons cannot understand how pleasure is to be derived from any pursuit which re-

quires that a man's powers of endurance shall in the most minute degree be taxed. The students at the universities, and here and there the pupils of a gymnasium, do, indeed, at fixed seasons, set out upon pedestrian tours; but men arrived at a more mature age seem to regard a state of quiescence as the supreme good in human affairs. I recollect on one occasion making inquiry of the schoolmaster at Schandau (a very excellent specimen of the order to which he belongs,) as to the best route to be followed in visiting the Great Winterberg, and being much surprised when he assured me that he had himself never ascended it. I demanded the cause of such an omission, of course,—for the Great Winterberg is distant from Schandau not more than six English miles, and the magnificence of the view to be obtained from its summit was a standing subject of declamation everywhere. His answer was, that he had no means of getting there. "No means!" replied I; "why, it is within an easy walk of you!" The honest man stared, and said with perfect gravity, that he made a point of never fatiguing himself by walking

when he could avoid it. Neither was he singular in his antipathy to locomotion on foot. The good people of Schandau indulged, indeed, on high days and holidays, in a drive to some of the remarkable points in their own neighbourhood, or trusted themselves to the skill of their boatmen on the river; but beyond a stroll to the lawn in front of the Bad Gasthof, or at most a saunter up the glen, their love of walking never carried them. They are, in truth, an indolent race.

The same disposition which hinders the schoolmaster from encountering a march of twelve miles in order to indulge his natural taste for fine scenery, displays itself in all the games, and sports, and recreations of his neighbours, whether they be children or upgrown men. A Saxon boy struts about in his long frock-coat, cap, and boots,—the very personification of a manikin. Such exercises as cricket, foot-ball, leaping, and running, seem not to have ever entered into his contemplation; indeed, I cannot recall to my recollection a single athletic game in which the rising generation round me were at any time engaged. In like

manner the father of the manikin finds amusement from proceedings which by us would be regarded as subjects only of ridicule. At certain seasons of the year, for example, there are shooting-matches everywhere,—which so far resemble our worn-out sport of the popinjay, that the candidates for honour fire at a wooden goose, which dangles from the top of a pole, perhaps thirty or forty feet high. Or, if the district be near the frontier, or amid royal forests, where yagers keep guard, a fixed target is set up, and men shoot at it from an assigned distance. All this is very good,—but the Saxons, not content to enjoy the sport in its native simplicity, must needs mix up with it something of a theatrical display. Accordingly the candidates march to the field of action with a band of music playing before them; sworded, and feathered, and otherwise arrayed in all sorts of fantastical habiliments. He who happens to have sent his ball nearest to the bull's-eye in a previous trial, is honoured as the captain in this,—and walking at the head of the procession, is treated throughout the day with the utmost deference. The trial ended,

there follows a dance, either, as at Schandau, on a platform hutted in with boughs of trees and moss,—or in one of the ball-saals of one of the inns nearest to the arena. Yet is the whole affair wonderfully flat and insipid. Men shoot, with every or any kind of weapon which they can procure. There is no distributing of prizes by fair hands,—no election of a queen of the revels,—nor anything else to give to the arrangement an air of romance; but the whole is gone through with faces unwrinkled by a smile, and ends without having excited one passion, either generous or the reverse.

The Saxons, as they are very careful not to trench on the rights or dignity of their neighbours, so are they very tenacious of their own. The merest peasants never meet without pulling off their caps to one another; and to return a woodcutter's salutation, except with a naked head, subjects the stranger to a charge of uncourtliness. So also the most minute trespass on a man's field,—an accidental step over the line of a pathway,—the slighest interference, in short, with aught which does not

strictly belong to yourself, is treated as a grave wrong. In like manner, when you enter into a shop, you are expected to uncover your head, and make a low bow, which the shopkeeper returns with the air of a man who is about, not to receive, but to confer an obligation. Neither are you at liberty to purchase just what you please, and no more. I was much amused one day to find that the beer which my servant had ordered to be sent home, was not delivered; and that the sturdy brewer had informed him that he would not deliver it at all, because the man had chosen to order just half the quantity with which the artiste proposed to supply him.

As I am upon this subject, I may point out, as a characteristic trait in the genius of the people, that except in such places as Dresden and Leipsig, the Saxon tradesmen are actuated by no spirit of rivalry. If there be half a dozen butchers, and as many brewers and millers in the same place, so far are they, even where the custom is small, from seeking to undersell one another, that they make an arrangement among themselves, so that he who kills to-day shall not kill two days afterwards;

and he who brews this week shall abstain from brewing again till his turn comes round. There is something in all this so different from what we meet with elsewhere, that one hardly knows whether to be amused or annoyed by it.

I should say that the Saxons are not partial to foreigners. Rude they seldom are,—but there is no frankness, no *bonhommie* about them, at least in the rural districts. It struck me, likewise, that their petty tradesmen and bouermen were a good deal infected by the spirit of "liberty and equality." Not that in the country there is any particular fondness for the sort of constitutional government under which they live. On the contrary, the complaints are numerous of the expenses attending it. Indeed, the people say that they have gained nothing more by their parliament, than the privilege of supporting three hundred masters instead of one. Yet are they well pleased to impress you with the conviction that each Saxon citizen is a free man; and that if he does vail his bonnet to the prince or the graff, the act is one of mere good-breeding, and by no means a sign of inferiority. Again, my

own experience compels me to say of this class, that they are exceedingly prone to overreach you where they can. A stranger need never scruple to offer to a Saxon dealer at least one-third less than he demands for any article. The tradesman may not choose to accept the offer, but he is never offended by it.

When we come to the region of morals I should say, that, though higher than that of Prussia, the standard in Saxony is not very elevated. There is here the same lamentable deficiency of religious principle, which we find all over Protestant Germany. People may or may not go to church on a Sunday,—and their children they send to school because the law requires it,—but the practices which, more than all others, mark the degree of reverence in which men hold their religion, are here unknown. I never heard of a family in which prayers were daily said, nor knew an instance of a child being trained by its parent to the habit of private devotion; and, as to the mode of observing the Lord's-day, I confess that I do not see on what grounds a Christian can defend it. Not content with holding their

little revels in the evening, before the inn, or amid the public gardens, they seem to regard the prosecution of their ordinary employments as no breach of the Divine will. I have repeatedly seen both men and women hoeing in the fields, and working in the shoe-shop, just as busily on a Sunday as on any other day in the week.

It is idle to suppose that where such practices prevail, and the finger of public censure is never pointed against them, that there can exist any principle of genuine religion. Casuists may differ as to the comparative harmlessness of the Sunday evening ball, or the lounge over a can of beer, while bands are playing in the open air; but he would be a bold reasoner who, on any grounds not purely infidel, would venture to defend the absolute desecration of the Sabbath. And I am afraid that the consequences of laxity in this particular show themselves in Saxony, exactly as we might expect. The Saxons are not much addicted to intoxication. They are too poor, perhaps, to indulge in a vice which bears as hard upon the purse as on the constitution; but in other

respects the moral tie sits upon them loosely enough.

There is a great profession of chivalrous feeling among the Germans generally; and the Saxons are not without their share of it; yet the burdens imposed here upon the feebler sex are terrible. All the most toilsome out-of-doors tasks seem to devolve upon the women. You rarely meet a female peasant, from the age of nine to that of seventy, but she is either bent double with the load which she carries on her back, or wields the hoe or the spade with surprising dexterity. The consequence is, that though often very pretty as children, the poor creatures grow up to be hideous as women; and long before they have past their term of middle life, both the appearance and the infirmities of old age overtake them. In Saxon Switzerland, in particular, the women lose their teeth, and begin to exhibit symptoms of goitre, often as early as nineteen; and at thirty she is an exception to the almost universal rule, who retains so much as the wreck of a youthful bearing about her.

There are not many mendicants in Saxony;

neither is the number of persons receiving parochial relief very considerable. Some paupers, however, there are in every township, and for the maintenance of these, the law has made a provision. First of all, a collection is made every Sunday in church, of which the proceeds are handed over to the proper authorities; and out of this, small weekly payments are made to widows and other persons in a state of absolute destitution. As the weekly collections, however, rarely suffice, an assessment is levied on the parishioners; the demand from each being proportioned to the rent actually paid by him, or to the estimated value of his property. So far it will be seen that the usages of Saxony and England correspond; but the parallel goes no further. In England, we give no out-of-doors relief; in Saxony, they have no workhouses; in England, we used to pay a pauper as much as twelve or fifteen shillings a week; in Saxony, the largest weekly payments never exceed eight groschens.

There is, perhaps, no country in the world where more is made of the land than in Saxony. Every spot of earth which seems capable of

giving a return, is cultivated; and the very meadows are mowed twice or thrice in the course of each summer. You never meet such a thing as a common, or waste, while the forests are all guarded with a strictness that is proportionate to their value. As farmers, I should say, that the Saxons were more clean and industrious than skilful. The fields are always well cleared of weeds, and in their crops they have a succession; but the favourite grain is rye; and either because it does not require to be pampered, or that manure is a scarce article with them, they do not seem disposed to fatten the soil too frequently. The breed of cattle is small, their management of a dairy in no respect peculiar, and their butter generally indifferent. To make it weigh the heavier, they overload it with salt, and cannot be persuaded, even by the offer of an increased price, to intermit the practice.

The game-laws in Saxony are very rigidly enforced; and every bird that flies is taken under their protection. My servant, on one occasion, killed a young hawk with a stone. He was instantly pounced upon by a forester,

and had to pay a fine of a dollar for the trespass. Fresh-water fish, on the other hand, belong, as with us, to the individuals through whose property the rivers run; and where the rivers are hired by millers or others, they are usually let together with portions of the stream. We found that both millers and other lessees were exceedingly tenacious of the fishing. They would not always give leave to angle at all; and when they did, they invariably required that we should pay for the fish that were taken. In like manner the stranger who fancies that the fruit-trees which garnish the sides of the great roads have been planted for his use, will be taught, should he put forth his hand, that to him the fruit is forbidden. The trees in question, with their crops of cherries, apples, or pears, all belong to the occupiers of the land nearest to which they flourish; and are guarded carefully by persons appointed for the purpose, from the beginning of autumn till their riches are gathered in.

Though I have spoken of the Saxons as a people little oppressed with the enthusiasm of religion, I do not mean to be understood as con-

demning them in the gross. At Schandau, the church was tolerably well attended once on every Lord's day; and as I do not remember to have seen anywhere the order of the service described, it may not be amiss if I here supply the omission.

I will take as my model a communion day,—the festival of Whitsunday, which everywhere throughout Christendom, except among our own Dissenters, is religiously observed. At ten o'clock in the morning, the congregation assembles within an edifice, which, from the effect of the first glance round, you might easily mistake for a Roman Catholic place of worship. Towards the east stands the altar, a gorgeously-ornamented pile, with paintings, and statues of angels and saints; and gilding and a crucifix reared above it on the screen behind. The table itself was covered this day with a rich velvet drapery inlaid and fringed with gold; over which, at one corner, was drawn a white damask cloth. Two gilded candlesticks of great size, containing lighted tapers of appropriate dimensions, stood one at each extremity of the table. Two china vases, piled up with

all the flowers then in season, came between them, while more in front, were the chalice, paten, cup, &c., all apparently made of silver-gilt. Moreover, along the walls on either side, rude paintings were set up, of various passages in the life of our Lord or his servants; such as the austere spirits of our Covenanters would have condemned as enticements to idolatry, and which the eye of taste could not behold with any degree of approbation.

Along the body of the church are arranged rows of open benches, which are all distributed into separate sittings, as each sitting is marked with the name of the individual for whose use it has been set apart. Here the women congregate, without any man being allowed to mix with them; and there they sit in their holiday attire; the heads of the young being bare, the married wearing oddly-shaped caps, but all agreeing in this point, that each carries one, if not more pocket-handkerchiefs in her hand. A pocket-handkerchief displayed, seems indeed to be essential to the full-dress of a Saxon woman of the humbler classes. Meanwhile, the men take possession of the galleries, which are carried

round three sides of the building, and arrange themselves upon seats which rise, as in our own churches, like the benches of an amphitheatre, one above another. Not that pews are wholly wanting. Beneath these galleries, and glazed, and set round more like boxes in a theatre than anything else, are recesses, within which the magnates of the township are accommodated; and where, to do them justice, the burgomaster, the stadtschriber, the commandant of the jagers, and the other officers of state, seemed, with their wives and families, to join heartily in the celebration of public worship.

In conducting this, the first thing done is to sing a portion of the Psalms, not from any metrical version, but from the version which is attached to the ordinary service-book. The psalmody is upheld, with might and main, by all of the congregation that have musical voices, and by very many who have not; but here, at least, there was no accompaniment of instruments. By-and-by, the minister, who had not yet made his appearance, came, fresh from his robing-room, in a black Geneva cloak and cap, without removing the latter of which, he bowed

reverently before the altar. Then he began to chaunt, the people continuing silent all the while, and many of them kneeling; till in a few minutes he turned round, and blessed them. The benediction was succeeded by a renewal of the congregational singing, during which the minister disappeared, that he might return, however, when the psalm was ended, and go on with the service. This time, he read some prayers from the service-book, himself standing all the while with his back to the altar; and then moved, while the people sang again, towards the pulpit. From it,—for there is no desk,—the collect, epistle, and gospel for the day were read, the reading having been prefaced by a brief extemporaneous explanation of the nature of the festival which they had met to celebrate. Last of all, the gospel was taken as a text, and a discourse delivered on the benefits which accrued to the world from the descent of the Holy Spirit; and finally, at its termination, and it did not exceed a quarter of an hour, a concluding hymn was sung.

Such was the order of the morning service; over and above which the sacrament of the

Lord's Supper was this day administered, and I remained, of course, as multitudes did besides, who without partaking, seemed desirous of witnessing the ceremonial. The number of communicants was exceedingly small; they amounted, in all, to eighteen, and no more; that is, to eight men and ten women, out of a population in the parish of three thousand souls. They advanced by pairs, the men first, and the women following, to the left side of the altar; and having made two or three low obeisances, stood erect. The minister approached with the paten in his hand, and they, holding out their tongues, received each a wafer. This done, they passed round the altar to the rear, leaving the next pair to go through the same ritual; and then, when all had received the wafer, all appeared again, in pairs, to partake of the wine also. When they had drunk, (and the minister held the cup to their lips,) they bowed reverently, and retired.

We are never fair judges of the solemnity of religious rites which are presented to us for the first time; but I must confess that the whole routine of the Lutheran church struck me as

being a good deal deficient in decorum. The people, for example, sit to sing the psalms; and appear to count as much on the noise which they make, as on the melody that arises out of it. One circumstance, however, in the ceremonial of the day, affected me a good deal. For about eight minutes there was a profound silence throughout the building, the minister having exhorted his congregation to seek God in secret prayer; and as they knelt, many of them with their faces sunk in their hands, I could not but feel that I was looking upon a congregation of worshippers. Alas! the delusion did not long continue; but let that pass. Of the minister I can truly say that he seemed much in earnest, a great deal more so, as far as I at least could judge, than the people to whom he addressed himself.

With this same worthy clergyman I made a point of forming an acquaintance. I found him, like his brother functionary in Prussia, very poor, yet nowise dissatisfied. He had held his benefice three-and-thirty years, and expressed himself abundantly pleased with his parishioners, though a short cross-examination

led to the discovery that very little or no familiar intercourse took place between them. When I add that the principal friend and companion of the pastor's daughter was the girl who served us in the capacity of housemaid, the sort of station in society filled by a Saxon country clergyman, will be fully understood. And there will not, I suspect, be required any tedious argument to demonstrate that such a man can have slender influence among his people.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXCURSIONS TO THE KUHSTALL.—THE BASTEI.—LEINIENSTEIN.—THE SCHRAMSTEIN.—LEGENDS CONNECTED WITH THESE PLACES.

THERE are various points in Saxon Switzerland which the traveller is of course expected to visit; and of which, though description in such cases can ill supply the place of vision, it is necessary that I should give some account. Such are the Kuhstall, the Bastei, the Schramstein, Leinienstein, the Outwalder Grund, and the Lesser and Greater Winterberg, of which, in the order in which I saw them, as well as of the circumstances attending our visit to each, I will venture, even at the risk of saying more than my subject might warrant, to speak in succession.

It was on a beautiful May morning, when the lagging winter seemed at last to have departed, that we quitted our home beside the Kirnetz in a body, to inspect the wonders of the Kuhstall. The children, with their mother

and nurse, occupied the carriage, the male portion of the household set out on foot; and there was conveyed, for the refreshment of all, in baskets, sundry cold pies, and fowls, and wine and other viands, such as hungry men and women love to encounter in the open air, and on the green sward. Our route lay up one of those romantic passes, which form, as I have elsewhere explained, the glory of this peculiar scenery. Bright and warm over the tops of the pines the sun looked down upon us; the birch was putting out its first fresh leaf, and loading the air with perfume, while the rivulet, swollen, but not rendered turbid by recent rains, poured his waters merrily down the glen. It was altogether a day and a scene created to make hearts happy that can gather their best enjoyments from nature; and sure I am that a group more fully alive to nature's influence, has neither before nor since, traversed that romantic path.

The pass which we were now ascending differs so far from that which communicates between Schandau and Hohenstein, that not at any point do the hills close in to such a degree as to shut out the sunshine; while here and

there they fall off from one another, and leave a tolerable breadth of green meadow between. The stream, likewise, the same upon the bank of which our house was planted, is broader and better adapted to purposes of industry than the Hohenstein rivulet; and is accordingly bridled at three or four different reaches, by saw and flour-mills. They are all, however, so rude in their construction as to correspond well with the natural objects round them; and hence, instead of diminishing, they tend rather to increase the general effect of the picture. And to-day, as if good fortune had determined that nothing should be wanting to fill up the measure of our delight, we discovered, as we drew towards the uppermost of the whole, that more than its wonted tenants were in occupation of it. The sound of sweet music came from the miller's door, and wiled us on to listen. We obeyed the impulse, and found two men, one of them blind, and both poor, touching very sweetly the strings of their harps, and singing to their own accompaniment. Their songs were plaintive and wild, and seemed perfectly to accord both with the nature of their profession,

and the localities amid which they then exercised it; so we praised their skill, gave them some small coins, and resumed our onward progress.

The remarkable rock, or rather mass of sandstone, to which the people of the country have given the name of Kuhstall, is distant from Schandau about six or seven English miles. While following the road that has been drawn through the pass, you see nothing of it, for it is thrown back behind the first range of hills that close you in; and you must quit your carriage, and traverse a considerable space of pine-wood, ere it present itself. You are accordingly warned by your postilion of the point where it becomes necessary to alight; and seeing before you a rustic bridge, you take advantage of it to cross the stream. It leads to the commencement of a narrow footpath, by which you gradually ascend the hill, advancing, however, all the time nearer and nearer to the source of the stream,—till the path makes a sudden turn to the right, and you are carried, as it were, into the bowels of the mountain. By-and-by you emerge from the pine-wood

which has hitherto sheltered you, upon a trodden road; which, winding round, conducts you, still on an ascent, till it deposits you at the mouth of an avenue, so formed as to present the appearance of a tunnel, of which the sides and the arch are branches. That likewise you penetrate,—and behold, when you regain the open air, the Kuhstall itself is before you. It is a huge and solid rock,—connected, if I may so express myself, with the main land, by a narrow isthmus; and rising even on this side,—that is, from the isthmus considered as a base,—to the height of two hundred feet, at least, into the air. And in the very centre of it, just where the isthmus, or natural bridge, ends, is an enormous arch of nature's formation; through which you behold the wild and tangled forest, and a fragment of the rocky boundary that encloses it. The whole thing is, indeed, exceedingly grand and striking; so much so, that I defy you, when it first bursts upon your view, not to stand still for some moments, and gaze upon it silently.

Imposing as this view of the Kuhstall is, however, (and the arch measures between

seventy and eighty feet in height,) it is not for the mere purpose of enjoying it, and it only, that you have come hither. You must pass the mound,—and, standing beneath the rock's colossal roof, gaze abroad upon the landscape which wooes your wonder. I have looked upon scenes of desolation many times,—but aught more perfectly thrilling,—more thoroughly representative of a world recently escaped from a state of chaos, I cannot even imagine. When occupying the platform under shelter of the arch, you are standing at least two hundred feet from the plain or basin beneath you. I do not know what its dimensions may be, but it is everywhere overgrown with a forest of trees; here and there relieved by broad avenues and open spaces, doubtless the work of human hands, though not perceptibly so. Its background, again, is a semicircle of precipices;—the faces of such hills as I have described as hemming in the pass that leads from Hohenstein to Schandau,—of the Lesser Winterberg,—of the hills connected with it, and so round, in a wide detour, to the back of the Pröbitch-Thur. And, as if nature had resolved that

here, at least, her work of wonder should be complete, each particular mountain and crag seems to have been so planted as that its wildest and most rugged front should, in every direction, be turned towards you. Nor is this mighty amphitheatre left without characteristic objects, here and there, to vary the aspect even of its arena. Sheer and abrupt from the depth of the gorge uprises, about a mile and a half distant, a rock, similar in its general formation to the Kuhstall itself; while at intervals between it and the mountains, from which, by some fierce convulsion, they seem, at one period or another, to have been torn off,—others, of less magnitude, yet scarce of less imposing effect, push themselves into notice.

I have no power of language wherewith to do justice to the absolute desolation of the scene on which we then looked down. As far as the eye could reach, there was not, except where our own group was assembled, so much as a symptom of animal life; for the very voice of the singing-bird was mute. The sameness of the pine-forest, too, produced a powerful effect, for the pine prevails here unrivalled;

and the efforts of its straggling detachments, which toil, as it were, to scale the sides of the rock itself, had no tendency to destroy the illusion. No wonder that the genius of Germany should, when excited, break forth into the extravagancies of which our more sobered imaginations complain. If ever the spirit of evil has been allowed to visit this earth, amid such scenery as you behold from the Kuhstall we might expect to find him; nor can we be surprised that a people to whom that scene is familiar, should be open to impressions which appear to spring entirely from the influence of local horrors on a sensitive mind.

The rock which I am now describing derives its name from the uses to which, during the Thirty Years' War, it was turned by the peasantry of the adjoining townships. Driven from their homes, they took shelter amid these fastnessess; and, finding in this isolated mass a cave large enough to contain their cattle, they penned them there. Hence the name Kuhstall,—that is, the stall or stable for the cattle. Long prior to the days of religious warfare, however, tradition asserts that it was

held by a robber-knight, who kept all the surrounding districts in terror, and levied contributions from the most powerful of the nobles themselves. Moreover the Saxon freebooter, like Gilderoy, seems to have been of gentle bearing;—at least the story goes, that he won the heart of a fair girl, the daughter of the lord of Hohenstein, and bore her off, in spite of her father's watchfulness, to his hold in the wilderness. A terrible feud ensued,—for the father was relentless, and the robber nothing daunted by the power that was brought against him; but in the end the latter was besieged in his keep. It was a tedious operation, inasmuch as by no other approaches than through refts in the rock could the castle be assailed, and for many months he set his enemies at defiance. His wife, too, for such the lady had become, bore him a son while thus cooped up; and the small natural chamber in which the accouchement took place, is still shown. But famine at length performed its office. The gallant freebooter was compelled to surrender. Alas! for the issue, and woe worth the unforgiving temper of a father who could not pity his own

child. The gallant freebooter was hanged from the branch of a tree that grew beneath his castle wall, and the disconsolate widow shut herself up in a convent, where she died.

We dined right merrily under the arch of the Kuhstall, and at the conclusion of the meal, some of us made our way down the face of the rock, and plunged into the forest. There reigned solitude, the deepest and the most solemn. Not a bough was waving, not a grasshopper chirping, not the trace of human dwelling or human labour broke in upon our loneliness. Our object was to scale the other rock, of which I have spoken as nodding from the middle of the arena to the Kuhstall, and we pushed for it, well nigh at random, amid the gloom of overshadowing branches. We had traversed, perhaps, half the interval which separates them, when we came suddenly upon a sort of glade,—an open space from which the trees had been removed, and of which the surface was covered with a rich green sward. From the further corner, just within the shelter of the forest, a faint wreath of blue smoke was ascending; and with curiosity a good deal

sharpened, we made towards it. It came from a charcoal-burner's hut, and the burner himself, apparently the sole denizen of the wilderness, was plying his wild trade hard by. It was impossible to look upon him without calling to mind Schiller's striking romaunt, in which the charcoal-burners play so conspicuous a part. Our friend, it is true, had nothing indicative of the ferocity which Schiller attributes to his burners; on the contrary, he was a civil, mild-spoken man,—but the place where we found him,—the occupation in which he was engaged, —his dingy garb, and blackened countenance, all brought back the poet's magnificent description to my mind, and made me feel that, after all, there was no extravagance in it. Both Schiller and Weber were familiar with the scenery of the Saxon Switzerland: no wonder that both should have delighted in descriptions of the sublime and the supernatural.

If the desolation of the scene had affected us strongly, much more were we struck with the utter loneliness that prevailed, as well at the base of the arch to which, with some difficulty, we attained, as on its summit. We were

in a wild glen, overspread with detached masses, which lay here and there in all sorts of grotesque combinations, as if the earthquake that tore them from their beds in the earth had occurred but yesterday. Behind, and on either hand, was the pathless forest, while immediately in our front uprose, out of a foundation of crumbling sandstone, a rock so sheer, and abrupt, and massive, as to resemble more some tower erected by the hands of the Titans, than a work of nature's formation. Moreover, while we stood to gaze upon it with feelings not far removed from the superstitious, two noble red deer came forth from a thicket hard by, and stared us in the face. Either the human form must have been unfamiliar to them, or they were so completely surprised as to have lost their natural shyness; for they exhibited no symptoms of alarm. On the contrary, having eyed us for perhaps a couple of minutes, and snuffed the air as if in defiance, they turned round, and trotted away so leisurely, as to induce the conviction that not fear, but natural instinct,—the desire of finding out some more convenient lair,—had tempted them to avoid

us at all. In like manner, after we had squeezed ourselves through a fissure, and with much trouble and some risk, gained the top of the rock, we found that of any previous visit from civilized man, it exhibited not a trace. Snakes and adders crossed us at every step, the heather waved high and rank about our knees, and the very hawks, and kites, and other birds of prey, flew screaming from their eyries among the crevices beneath us.

We sat on that throne of a ruined world a full half hour, unable to withdraw ourselves from the magnificent scene which it opened out; and then, with the spirit of adventure whetted rather than appeased, struck once more across the wilderness, in order to scale the Lesser Winterberg. We found this an operation of much less difficulty than the ascent of the detached rock. There is an excellent winding path cut along the face of the hill, which carries you to the ridge; where, overhanging the precipice, a sort of summer-house has been erected to commemorate the successful issue of a contest between one of the electors of Saxony and an infuriated deer.

Over the door of the summer-house we read the following inscription:—

Mons prope Boiemos, fert alta cacumina saltus
  Acri de gelido, nomina fecit Hyems.
Hic nitidum Augustus cervum per tesqua secutus
  Precipitem scopulis glande crepante dedit.
Lapsus atrox fecit, cervi alterentur et artus
  Atque caro, ut nullis usibus apta foret.
Ergo voluptatem capiens ex laude parentis
  Christianus nomen, frontique reque, probans,
Isti ne veniant aliquando oblivia facto
  Poni per montes, hæ monumenta jubet.
Utrumque Heroem celebrabit fama perennis
  Et genus eternum nomen in orbe dabit,
Faxit summa trius sobolis, ut cara parentis
  Sit virtuti pari, sit quoque honore pari.

From the windows of this monument, a small circular turret, you command a view still more extensive than from either of the rival points in the amphitheatre. It is not, however, so savagely wild; because, being elevated a good way above the other hills, your eye ranges over them to cultivated fields, and hamlets, and villages, and other manifestations of human vicinage, yet is it in every respect inconceivably fine. But we could not afford to linger long among its beauties. The sun was already low in the heavens; we had a couple of miles to

walk ere rejoining our party at the Kuhstall, and then the descent of the pass to accomplish in order to reach our home. We made good the whole in excellent time, and entered our quiet dwelling about nine o'clock at night, dizzy with the remembrance of the glories which we had witnessed, and intent on pushing our researches into other quarters.

The next show-place which we resolved to visit was the Bastei; and we carried the project into execution on the second day after that which had been spent so agreeably at the Kuhstall. Our preparations for this enterprise corresponded in all their details with those which had been previously made, and the results were in no degree less satisfactory. To-day we passed in our outward progress over the sloping sides of the hills, and beheld around us corn-field and meadow, hamlet and church, with here and there the top of one of the detached and beetling crags, which rise everywhere from amid dense forests like huge towers. On our left were Leinienstein and Königstein,—the former on our own bank of the Elbe, the latter cut off from us by his waters; on the right the

Schramstein, with the Greater Winterberg in the back-ground; while behind, were hills and glens similar to those among which we had established ourselves, and only so far less striking, that they seemed to merge more gradually into regular uplands. In front, again, was what bore the appearance of a wall, set with basaltic columns. It closed in the scene, like a frame; and constituted the ridge which winds, in a sort of semicircle, all the way from Hohenstein and Brand to the Bastei.

There is a point on the road from Schandau to the Bastei, where the pedestrian, and the traveller by a carriage, are accustomed to separate. It is near the bed of an isolated crag, under the left front of which the footman wends his way, while his more luxurious companion is carried round its right face, and so up a steep defile, towards the rear of the Bastion hill. As it appears to me that there is no mode of conveyance half so agreeable as that with which nature has supplied us, I quitted the carriage, and, attended by Mr. Stewart and my eldest boy, followed the route which the postilion pointed out. It led us down a gentle

declivity, well wooded, and beautifully broken, to a hollow road, by pursuing which we arrived at the village of Rathen, and opened out a glimpse of the Elbe. There, upon our right hand, and uplifting itself like a wall, stood the Bastei,—a strange, grotesque, and most terrific chain of precipices, which falling back in the centre, and pushing forward two angles, have won a name for themselves, from the resemblance which they are assumed to bear to the Bastion in fortification. A narrow path was shown to us by the villagers, as conducting to the summit of one of these angles, and we struck into it immediately.

Once more I must plead in excuse of the meagre description that follows, the total inadequacy of language to deal with such a subject. Let the reader imagine, if he can, a straggling village, running along the foot of a green hill. Through this he passes, and then, by a gradual ascent, he arrives at a spot where the scene all at once changes its character, and there, by an impulse, to analyse which he has neither the power nor the inclination, he is constrained to stand still. He occupies now a sort of projec-

tion on the mountain's base, whence he looks forth upon a deep, dark, and wooded basin, around which are gathered a semicircle of rocks, loftier, bolder, and more gigantic in their proportions than any which, even in this land of precipice and cliff, have as yet come under his notice. Unlike the area of the Kuhstall, however, the basin of the Bastei is narrow in its dimensions; I do not think that its diameter can exceed a thousand yards. But anything more sublime, anything more deeply, darkly desolate, it is hard to conceive how even nature herself could produce. The very pines that wave in the abyss look like haunted things; and there are some so completely overshadowed, that the sun's rays never reach them.

Having gazed upon this wild panorama till he is satisfied, the traveller resumes his progress, and winding continually upwards, is carried, at last, to the summit. The scene which had been grand before, becomes here absolutely terrific, for the Bastei consists of a ridge of serried rocks, which are connected together by wooden bridges, each overhanging a gulf, to look down upon which, without turning giddy,

requires almost more than a common share of nerve. Close under these rocks, on one side, is the Elbe, diminished to such a degree, that a boat which lay on the shore, seemed like a child's toy, while the noble river himself had dwindled to a very mill-race. On the other side, again, is that dark, deep gorge of which I have already spoken, with here and there a columnar mass projecting out of it; and the tall, graceful pines climbing everywhere like parasites, till soil even for them fails, and the rock stands forth in its barren magnificence. It is quite impossible that, by description, any idea of such a scene can be communicated; I doubt whether the pencil, with all its creative powers, might hope to do it justice.

Over these dizzy platforms we made our way, halting from time to time as each conducted us to some new wonder, till from the very pinnacle of all we looked forth upon a view at once the most extensive and varied which in this land of beauty we had yet obtained. We were now at an elevation of eight hundred feet above the Elbe, and from the brink of a precipice which projects beyond the bed of the river, we beheld a wide

plain, which, broken in upon here and there by large columnar masses, gradually lifts itself into an irregular amphitheatre. For, directing your gaze down the course of the stream, the great valley of Dresden is before you, with its waving corn-fields, its quiet villages, and the domes of the fair city projecting from amid a screen of foliage; while you need but to turn round, and a change takes place, the effect of which, to be understood, must be experienced. There cultivation is not, indeed, shut out, but it seems dependant for its very existence on the good pleasure of the countless hills, each of which lifts up his isolated head as if to protect his own domain from insult. And finally, the eye, after delighting itself with these things, ranges far away among the mountains of Bohemia, which, conical and bold, yet woody, and of most graceful formations, leave the imagination nothing to desire. The Germans say that there is not a landscape in all Europe to be compared, in point of varied beauty, with this view of the Bastei. And I am not sure, throughout all their country, I have beheld many scenes which charmed me more in their details.

The Bastei, like the Kuhstall, once sheltered its robber-knights, of whose stronghold some fragments yet remain, and who, after long bidding defiance to the power of the elector, were in 1468, finally subdued. They are described as exercising their vocation chiefly against the navigators of the Elbe; but of their exploits no distinct record has been preserved. So also in 1639, when the horrors of the Thirty Years' War were at their height, multitudes of exiles from the desolated plains below, here found a shelter. Indeed I may state, once for all, that there is not one among all the isolated hills of the Saxon Switzerland, which has not its peculiar traditions attached to it. Thus Leinienstein, which we likewise visited *en masse*, but with the details of our visit to which it is not necessary to fatigue the reader, was long the abode of gnomes and evil spirits, by whom, amid the fissures of the rock, treasures were hidden, which the avidity of man has not yet succeeded in dragging into light. Moreover, the same Leinienstein, by far the loftiest of these peculiar hills, has witnessed other spectacles than those which evil spirits exhibit, for there dwelt during

many years, a nun in her solitude, praying continually in life, and at her death, bequeathing a name to her hermitage, while not far removed from that hermitage is the Jungfernsprung, or cliff whence, to save her honour, the Saxon maiden leaped to certain destruction. Then again, on the other side of Schandau, and not far removed from it, is the Schramstein; inferior perhaps, though not strikingly so, in rude grandeur, to the Bastei itself, but like it, the home, in years long past, both of warriors and fugitives; while not many stones' throw apart, is the Frauenstein, which a very tragical event in Saxon story has immortalized. It was here during the heats of the Reformation, that a young student from Leipsig met the maiden of his love clandestinely, and that, interposing, between him and a bolt from the cross-bow of his rival, she died for him whom she might not hope to wed. These are but samples of what the inquiring traveller will learn, provided he be fortunate in the guide who conducts him to each spot which he may be expected to visit; but into which I must not trust myself to enter, lest they tempt me to postpone the real object

of my journal to matters less important, perhaps, though far more agreeable.

There is an inn at the very pinnacle of the Bastei, from the windows of which you look down into the gorge. It is, no doubt, a great accommodation to travellers, yet I confess that, on me, the effect produced was not agreeable, for the scene is by far too wild and too magnificent to endure the presence of a hired band. There sat the musicians, however, in a sort of arbour, playing with all the skill and taste which characterise their countrymen, while, as an accompaniment to their music, there was kept up within, and round the door of the auberge itself, a well-sustained discharge of corks. In fact, we arrived just as the table-d'hôte dinner had been served up, and became, in consequence, ear-witnesses to the compound melody of clarion, French-horn, the report of beer-bottles, and clatter of dishes. These not being exactly to our minds, we took refuge in the depths of the forest; and there ate our meal, as we had done at the Kuhstall, with nature, and nature only, around us.

I will not go on with these details, for lan-

guage is too little elastic to supply the means of a continued description which shall not borrow, in all its passages, from what has gone before. Enough is done, when I state, that, one after another, we found out all the most remarkable objects in this remarkable region; that we wandered through the Outwalder Grund, a defile so narrow, that here and there the rocks form a complete canopy over your head; that we loitered amid the magnificence of the Schramstein; ascended Leinienstein; stood upon the top of the Great Winterberg, and gave the eye freedom to range both up and down the rocky channel of the Elbe; that the Pröbitch-Thur was not neglected, nor in some sort less admired than the arch of the Kuhstall, which, in its arch at least, it much resembles; and that from each particular excursion we returned home more and more satisfied, that for a summer residence we had well directed our choice. I may add, likewise, that one result of our wanderings was, to impress us with a more exalted notion of Saxon justice and gratitude than we had at first been apt to encourage. We found, for example, go where we might,

that the memory of those who had in any degree contributed to increase the comforts of their neighbours, or bring the region into notice, was cherished. Thus, on the top of the Kuhstall rock there is an inscription which records, that to the good taste of an individual, the pastor of a neighbouring parish, Saxon Switzerland is indebted for the opening up, as it were, of this, its most remarkable treasure. In like manner, the busts of two clergymen who first drew public attention to the glories of the Bastei, and so rendered it a show place, are set up on the rock beside one of the wooden bridges, with a simple record of their births, and deaths, and merits. Nay, to such an extent is this feeling carried, that even the erection of a seat among the woods that face the hill behind Schandau, has earned for him who set it there, the celebrity of a written epitaph. The cynic may sneer at all this, but I think that it speaks well for the genius of the people, who, in all their dealings one with another, appear to be actuated by a spirit of honesty which will not allow them to rob even the dead of the praise which is their due.

CHAPTER IX.

CHANGE OF SYSTEM IN TRAVEL.—SET OUT ON FOOT THROUGH THE BOHEMIAN MOUNTAINS.—HERNSKRIETCHEN.—THE PARISH PRIEST.—HIS STYLE OF LIVING.—HE BECOMES OUR GUIDE.—HIS CONVERSATION.—THE ANCIENT CONSTITUTION OF BOHEMIA.—DISCONTENT AT ITS ABOLITION.—EXISTING STATE OF THINGS.—SLENDER INFLUENCE OF THE POPE.—AUFFENBERG.—THE PARSONAGE.—THE CURATE AND HIS PARTY.—BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.—TETCHEN.

THE reader will now be kind enough to pass with me, into a new order of things. Hitherto we have journeyed, as travellers usually do, by regular stages from place to place,—visiting capitals, inquiring into the state of their inhabitants, and looking abroad from our carriage-windows on whatever objects might by the way help to arrest our attention. We are now going to change our mode of proceeding, and to set forth together on foot; that we may accomplish a design which from the time of my departure from the Thames had, by me at least, been continually meditated. What that design

was, will best be gathered from the following chapters. How far its accomplishment may have led to any good end, others than I must determine.

It was on a beautiful morning in May, —unless my journal be incorrectly dated, on the 29th,—that I quitted our residence beside the quiet baths of Schandau, for the purpose of carrying through a pedestrian expedition into the mountainous districts of Bohemia. A variety of circumstances contributed to give to Bohemia more than common interest in my eyes. I had read, as most educated Englishmen have done, the details of those troublous times when good men dared to protest against the corruptions of the Church of Rome, and suffered for their hardihood. I was, therefore, desirous of making myself acquainted with the actual condition of a people whose forefathers had listened to the preaching of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, and struggled boldly, but in vain, to vindicate for themselves liberty of conscience. The traditions of the Middle Ages, likewise, in which the Bohe-

mians, or gypsies, obtain such frequent mention, were not altogether unknown to me; and I was anxious to ascertain, from personal observation, whether there yet existed in this, the cradle of their European celebrity, any remnants of those errant hordes, against whom, so recently as the sixteenth century, such terrible laws were, both in Germany and England, enacted. Moreover, the scenery of Bohemia was described to me in terms which created an ardent desire to behold it; while the fact that, comparatively speaking, few of my countrymen had as yet turned their steps in the direction of the Riesengebirgen, was not without its influence in directing my choice. For, some how or another, I have invariably found that an influx of Englishmen into any country, is sure to create in the tastes and habits of its occupants a change as complete as it is deplorable. The keepers of hotels grow forthwith exorbitant in their charges; every article of commerce rises enormously in price; the peasantry and lower classes become rude and mercenary; while from the dwellings of the upper ranks hospitality is banished. What a pity it is that we,

—not so much by our vices as by our folly,—by a species of folly which tinges even our most generous acts, should thus spread around us, wherever we go, the very opposite of moral improvement.

As it was not my wish to pass hastily through the province, but rather to live among the Bohemians, than to behold them from afar, I determined to make my journey on foot. He who travels either in his own carriage or by a public vehicle, will of course traverse, within a given space of time, a wider extent of ground than the pedestrian. In towns and other places of large resort, he may likewise claim to stand upon equally favourable grounds; for churches and galleries are alike open to both, and to both will the valet du place pay attention. But if your object be to witness the fireside occupations of a people,—if you have any curiosity to hold with them intimate and familiar conversation,—if you wish to ascertain how they feel upon the most common, and therefore the most important of all subjects,—by what every-day motives they are swayed,—by what every-day principles they are controlled, let your tour be

accomplished on foot. You may excite some curiosity and a little suspicion, here and there, by your strange attire and foreign accent; while the first reception given to you in capitals and great towns is sure to be discourteous. But these circumstances, in themselves trifling, cannot affect you long, unless you be utterly wanting in the skill, without which it is useless to travel at all; and were the case otherwise, the advantages of your position are such as to cast them—evils of rare occurrence—utterly into the shade. Nobody thinks of rejecting the salutations of a walking gentleman, or refuses to converse with him, so long as their routes may chance to lie in the same direction; and then the village inn,—aye, and the gasthof of the market and post town likewise—in these he is sure to find a ready welcome. For these and other equally cogent reasons, I recommend to all such as possess vigour enough of mind and body for the undertaking, to traverse unknown regions which they may desire to investigate, on foot; being fully assured that the pedestrian is enabled to judge, not of the outward forms of nature alone, but of the habits and disposi-

tions of mankind, with a degree of accuracy which can never be attained by the occupant of a post-chaise or a diligence.

On the 29th of May, then, at seven o'clock in the morning, I quitted my temporary home at Schandau, in a state of health, if not absolutely vigorous, at all events greatly improved, and with a mind entirely prepared to deal fairly with whatever might befal, whether of good or evil result, by the way. I had for a companion my son,—a youth of thirteen years of age,—stout of limb, and nowise deficient in the spirit of enterprise; one who will, I trust, sooner or later, do his country some service, in the honourable profession of arms for which he is destined. Our attire was a strange mixture of the German and Scottish costumes; that is to say, tartan trousers and jackets, with Saxon caps; and our baggage, a couple of knapsacks, in each of which were stowed away a complete change of apparel,—namely, coat, waistcoat, trousers, a spare pair of shoes, a spare shirt and night-shirt, three pairs of stockings, flannel waistcoat and drawers, with soap, sponges, portable dressing-case, hair-brushes, and every other

article that is requisite to a gentleman's comfort. The load was considerable, doubtless; but before three days were passed we became accustomed to it; and the luxury of being able to shift entirely at the close of each day's march, more than made amends for the toil of bearing it. Moreover, we provided against the changes of rainy weather, by strapping upon each of our backs a light Mackintosh cloak; and we wielded in our hands, in lieu of sticks, a couple of fishing-rods. Thus accoutred, and carrying in our pockets a moderate supply of the current coin of the realm, we felt that we were in a condition to set the ordinary ills of life at defiance, and for three or four weeks to indulge our own humour by turning our steps toward whatever point might hold out the brightest promise of enjoyment.

Nobody begins a tour, however limited in extent, without having some professed object before them. Ours was to gain the top of Schnee Kupper, the loftiest of the Riesengebirgen range,—from which we were given to understand that the view would be glorious; provided only the snow should have been suffi-

ciently melted to permit our ascending to the summit. But we were by no means solicitous to ascertain by what route the goal might most immediately be attained. On the contrary, as we carried about with us a tolerable map of Bohemia, which I had purchased in Dresden as a resource in case of need, we resolved to trust a good deal to accident, and to diverge from the direct road wherever anything might be pointed out deserving, either from its natural beauty, or its historical associations, of our attention. Yet there was a serious evil, against which we must needs combat at a disadvantage. Our knowledge of the vernacular German was as yet imperfect; and of Bohemian, a dialect of the Slavonic, we were utterly ignorant. Still, as nature has given to both of us tolerable ears for music, and some little quickness in catching strange tongues, we did not despair of being able to make our way; and I am bound to add, that our progress seems to myself, at the moment when I begin to write, to have been surprising.

In the imperfect route which we had drawn up for ourselves on the evening of the

28th, Tetchen was set down as our first halting-place. It is distant from Schandau about four German or twenty English miles, and towards it our steps were now directed. Our path lay along the right bank of the Elbe, which here pours his waters in a dark and troubled stream, between ranges of cliffs or hills, overgrown by forests of pine and birch from their bases to their summits. Before us the Greater Winterberg reared up his huge masses; behind were the rocks of Leinienstein and Königstein,—the former bald and frowning, as some strange convulsion of nature originally left him,—the latter crowned with his diadem of masonry. On either hand, both beside us and across the river, frequent glens and valleys showed themselves, all of them green with meadow-grass or young corn, and all studded with white cottages; while Schandau itself, with its tall church spire, its modest buildings, and its busy little wharf, appeared in the bright sunshine of a May morning to peculiar advantage. I speak of its busy little wharf, not because Schandau is a place of trade,—for of trade, properly speaking, it has none,—but, like

all the other villages which border the Elbe, it is a point for the exportation of fire-wood; which being conveyed in rafts and barges from Saxon Switzerland down the stream, supplies the wants of a large portion of Germany, even to the city of Hamburg, and the shores of the North Sea.

About four miles beyond Schandau, just where a huge quarry of soft freestone ends, is the boundary, or march-line, between Saxony and Bohemia. It is indicated, as usual, by a couple of posts, one bearing the green and white stripes, which are emblematical of the Saxon monarchy, while the other is stained with the Austrian colours, namely, black and yellow. Besides these, the customary land-marks in like cases, a slender palisade has been run from the base of the hills towards the river, at the extremity of which, so as to command a narrow footpath which skirts the Elbe, is a rudely-constructed watchhouse. Here the Austrian jager on duty keeps post; while midway in the stream a guard-boat is moored,—a preservative, I do not know how effectual, against smuggling. For smuggling is, or was,

carried on, both by land and water, to a large extent, over this frontier, the inducements to which seem to the full as great as the measures adopted to prevent it are vigorous.

I need not here repeat the statement, that Prussia has made great efforts to establish throughout Germany, one uniform scale of transit duties, as well on goods imported from abroad, as on such as may be conveyed from one German state to another. Many of the lesser powers, Saxony included, have fallen into her views, but Austria still holds back. Unwilling or unable to relinquish certain monopolies from which a large share of its revenues is derived, the Austrian government has hitherto refused to make one in this commercial confederation, and the consequence is, that the Austrian frontiers are everywhere guarded with a degree of vigilance scarcely less strict than would be necessary in a season of war. Along this border of Bohemia alone, for example, three battalions of jagers, consisting each of twelve hundred men, are kept on foot. It is the established duty of these corps to wage war upon contraband traders; and nume-

rous and vigilant as they appear to be, I understand that they do not always war successfully. Let me not, however, deal unfairly, either by the jagers or the authorities under which they act. The policy which confers upon the supreme government an exclusive right to traffic in tobacco may be narrow, and the inconveniences thereby inflicted on a people, to whom tobacco appears to be as much a necessary of life as bread or water, may be great; but the mere traveller has no just ground of complaint. If examined at all, he is dealt with so tenderly, that to speak of the process as a serious interruption would be ridiculous. We had been warned by our friends in Saxony, of the extreme rigour of the Austrian police, and therefore crossed the frontier-line, prepared for a vast show of scrutiny. But a simple question from the jager on duty, as to whether we carried any description of merchandise in our knapsacks, was all that befel. We replied in the negative, and were at once permitted to pass on.

During a short excursion which I had previously taken to the Greater Winterberg and

the Pröbitch-Thur, I had been so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of the parish priest at Hernskreitchen,—a small town, or rather a large village, about an English mile and a-half within the Bohemian frontier. Having found him, on that occasion, an intelligent as well as an obliging man, we resolved to pay him a second visit, partly with the view of obtaining his guidance in examining the most remarkable objects immediately round Hernskrietchen, partly in the hope that he might be able to correct our route, and put us in the way of traversing other parts of Bohemia to advantage. Our approach to Hernskrietchen was not, however, so easily effected to-day as it had previously been. The Elbe, swollen by heavy rains, and much more by the melting of the snow in the mountains, had during some days past spread far beyond his usual channel, and, though now beginning to subside, still covered the whole of the level country, so as to render the road impassable. By clambering over a cliff or two, however, and passing beneath an arch cut in the rock, we gained a point where a boat stood ready to receive us, in which we

were conveyed, without further trouble, to the town.

The demoralizing effect of that pernicious regulation which condemns the clergy of the Church of Rome to lives of perpetual celibacy, has been remarked upon in fitting terms by every candid traveller through Catholic countries. Looking at the matter as a question of abstract theory, it may perhaps be conceded, that to relieve the clergy from the anxieties attendant on the cares of a family, would be advisable, because even where a man's means are more abundant than usually happens to be the case with a parish priest, such cares inevitably engross at least a moderate share of his attention. But in practice the results will be found to be altogether mischievous. The common amenities which belong to our common nature are not to be torn asunder with impunity; nor will any consideration, either of policy or principle, render whole masses of men obedient to laws in themselves so iniquitous. In large cities, where there is scope enough for the exercise of the intellectual faculties, and among persons whose tastes and habits lead

them to the pursuit of literature and science, I can conceive even the law of celibacy to be endurable. Such men, in such situations, will generally escape out of themselves, even if they do not find in the alternations of study and their professional duties, a substitute for those domestic relations which are the best sources of a genuine and cheerful piety. But the priest of such a parish as Hernskrietchen, —a small community among the mountains of Bohemia,—a place where there is no mind, no education, no companionship except with the humblest of the peasant classes,—what must be the condition of the homeless ecclesiastic there? If he be a man of strong mind and high principle, he will, of course, tread uncomplaining the dull road before him, but he will tread it wearily. If his mind be less vigorous, or his principles less unbending, what security have we that he will not seek a refuge from weariness, even in vice? And when, over and above all this, the custom of auricular confession renders him complete master of the secret thoughts of his neighbours, who will answer for it that he never employs as instruments of evil,

arrangements which by their inventors were, no doubt, designed for good? Far be it from me to charge the Roman Catholic clergy at large with any such abuse of their powers. But it is surely as impolitic as it is unfair, to place them without the pale of domestic society; in other words, to deal with them as if with their civil costume they laid aside, not only all the weaknesses, but all the sympathies and generous feelings of human nature.

Our friend at Hernskrietchen was one of those of whom it may be said, that in every point of view he deserved a better fate than attended him. During my first visit, I had been struck with the affectionate and respectful manner in which his parishioners of all ages addressed him. My second fully explained to me the causes of this. I found him, not in his house, nor yet abroad for amusement; but seated on a chair in the village school, busily and kindly engaged in conveying instruction to the children. He rose on my entrance, and after a cordial grasp of the hand, laid aside his book, and conducted me home. What a contrast that home presented to the interior even

of the poorest of our English vicarages. There was no modest but lady-like person to bid her husband's visitor welcome,—no cheerful sound of young voices issuing from the garden or the nursery,—but a housekeeper, a middle-aged woman, very little indebted to nature, and less to art, ushered us into an apartment which served the three-fold purpose of kitchen, bedroom, and eating hall. Carpets are rarely to be seen even in the palaces of the German nobility. You find, on the contrary, bare boarded floors, with a high polish, doubtless, and here and there tastefully inlaid; but after all, boards, and boards only. The priest's apartment could not boast even of this degree of elegance,—for the flooring was of mud, with a tile hearth near the stove. Its furniture, again, consisted of two deal tables, a few chairs, a bench or two, a porcelain stove, and a bed, such as Captain Hall has so eloquently denounced, in the far corner. A few books, some of them torn, occupied a hanging shelf near the window; and some coarse paper, with an inkstand and a pen, lay on the ledge beneath them. The kind priest, however, seemed anxious

to convince us that, humble as his condition might be, he could still exercise the rites of hospitality. A brown loaf, some excellent butter, and a bottle of good Rhenish wine, were produced, on which my fellow-traveller and I made a sumptuous luncheon.

Having settled this important point, I explained our wishes to our host, who readily undertook to be our guide as far as Auffenberg. "I was formerly curate there," said he, "and now my place is supplied by a young man, who has himself made the tour which you propose to make. He will be able to give you more information than I, and you may perfectly rely upon him." Nothing could be more acceptable to us than this arrangement, so we at once closed with our friend's proposal, and sallied forth again.

The scenery around Hernskrietchen is exceedingly wild and fine. It differs little in its general character from that which forms the principal feature of the Saxon Switzerland; for you first traverse deep dark glens, overshadowed by pine-clad hills; and then, on ascending the hills themselves, look down upon terrific preci-

pices. To be sure, the proximity of the Elbe, which flows immediately at the base of what is called the Belvidere, gives a charm to the panorama here, which elsewhere is wanting. And the view both upwards and downwards,—embracing as it does, one of the most glorious of the river's curvatures, is truly magnificent. But art has done somewhat too much here. The Prince of Clari, it seems, to whom the surrounding country belongs, has or had a passion for occasionally visiting the spot, and either he or his agents have laid out the summit of the crag into a tolerably accurate model of a ship's deck. Moreover, we have a banqueting-room at the stern, parapets to keep you from falling down, and a small mortar-bed, on which a piece of ordnance is occasionally mounted, in order that the princely company may listen and wonder at the echoes which a single discharge calls forth. Now all these things may be agreeable to the tastes of those for whose especial pleasure they were so arranged, but on us their effect was not pleasing. I therefore quitted the Belvidere, fully alive to the splendour of the scene which it opens out; yet half lamenting that

nature had not been left to herself, in a situation where her work had been so magnificently accomplished.

The remainder of our journey towards Auffenberg was exceedingly interesting and pretty. We walked through meadows and corn-fields, elevated many hundred feet above the bed of the river, and gazed round, in all directions, on the cliffs and precipices of Saxon Switzerland,—on the bold, graceful, and sugar-loaf hills of Bohemia,—on sweeping forests, the growth apparently of ages, with towns, villages, and straggling hamlets, interspersed among them. Neither was the conversation of our friendly guide undeserving of notice. We gathered very indistinctly from him, what came out more clearly in other quarters,—that there prevailed among all classes of people in Bohemia much apparent contentment, with a good deal of hidden dissatisfaction. The peasantry are described as being everywhere in full employment, and, though not what we should term rich, exempt from the pressure of distress. A labouring man, for example, such as a stone-breaker by the road side, receives about eight

pence a day in our money. A weaver, when times are good, will earn quite as much, and generally speaking more. Now when we take into account the simple habits of the people, the extreme cheapness of all the necessaries of life, house-rent and fuel included, it is scarcely going too far to assert that the condition of the Bohemian labourer is much more satisfactory than that of an Englishman in the same station of life.

The discussion of these topics naturally led the way on my part to an inquiry into the general administration of the province, the constitution of the courts by which justice is dispensed to the people, the privileges of the several classes in society, and the management of the police. On all these heads, I found my friend singularly well-informed; yet in the observations which I am about to hazard, I beg it to be understood, that I lean in no respect upon him as an authority. For I found opportunities afterwards of pushing my inquiries further, both at Prague, and elsewhere; and it is of the result of these investigations, conducted as well among living men, as in the libraries

of the country, that I venture thus early in my journal to make mention.

There can be no greater mistake than that which, in reference to Bohemia, it has been the policy of the house of Austria to propagate; namely, that she belongs, or ever has belonged, by the tie either of lineage or dependance, to what is known throughout Europe as the great German family. The Bohemians are not Germans, in their language, in their feelings, in their habits, in their prejudices, nor, above all, in the institutions which till within little more than a century and a-half, prevailed among them. The feudal system, for example, was unknown in Bohemia till after the Thirty Years' War; and it took so ill with the genius of the people, that when the Emperor Joseph made preparations to abolish it, his efforts were hailed with universal satisfaction. Unfortunately for Bohemia, however, and indeed for the whole of his extensive dominions, Joseph did not live long enough to carry out the magnificent plans which he had concocted. And the result has been, that here, at least, matters have been left in a state of such con-

fusion, that it is sometimes difficult to determine what is and what is not law. Hence the machine of government goes on, more because no one is disposed to impede it, than because its movements are regulated by any settled and well-understood principles. I will endeavour to make my meaning plain, by stating in few words, first what used to be, and then what now is, the order of society in Bohemia.

The inhabitants of Bohemia are a portion of the great Slavonic branch of the human race. Their language differs only as a dialect from that of the Russians, the Poles, the Croats, and the inhabitants of the Carpathian mountains. Their government, originally patriarchal, adopted, in process of time, the form of a limited monarchy, though it was not till far in the eleventh century that the style and dignity of kingship was recognised among them. Previous to the reign of the Emperor Henry IV., indeed, by whom the regal crown was first bestowed, their princes took no higher title than that of dukes; while both before and after that change, at least till times comparatively recent, there was as little of absolutism in the Bohemian constitu-

tion, as in that of Poland or of Hungary. Nay, more. Rights which in Poland and in Hungary were claimed and exercised by a powerful aristocracy alone, descended in Bohemia to the humblest classes of society; for it was the glory of this land, that when feudalism prevailed everywhere else in Europe, her peasants were not serfs, nor her citizens slaves.

In very ancient times, the dukes of Bohemia were controlled in the exercise of their prerogative only by the chiefs or representatives of certain powerful clans, which assisted their forefathers in winning the land, and were still prompt to defend it. By-and-by, however, a better system sprang out of this arrangement, and to each order in the body politic was its own share of authority entrusted, under the three-fold appellation of nobles, knights, and citizens. At the same time the line of distinction between these several orders was so broad and so marked, that no man not born into a noble or a knightly family, could, by any exertion of talent or enterprise, ascend beyond the rank of citizenship. And in exact proportion to the respective ranks of these

several classes, was the amount of privileges enjoyed by each. Whenever, for example, enactments were required which in their results promised to affect the well-being of the entire community, then delegates, from each of the three orders, met to deliberate upon them, and these, if passed, became, when sanctioned by the king or duke, part of the law of the land. But for the management of their own affairs respectively, the nobles and knights made laws; the former at least, having also their own courts of justice, before which alone they could be put upon their trial. Of these courts of nobility, as I shall take occasion to observe by-and-by, some traces still remain; indeed it is the incongruous intermixture of this, a Bohemian institution, with the common usages of Germany, which produces, among other things, the confusion already alluded to, as prevailing in the general management of the affairs of the province.

In the constitution of Bohemia, as it came to be settled so early as the close of the tenth century, and as it continued to work, with more or less of purity, till far in the seventeenth, we

accordingly find an executive, with three separate, and, as it were, independent but subordinate estates under it; each enjoying its own privileges, and asserting its own rights, without giving the smallest umbrage, or offering the slightest injury to the rest. I omit from this catalogue the clergy, because, though anciently a state by themselves, they forfeited the distinction at the period of the Hussite troubles, and never recovered it. The executive was wielded of course by the crown, the order of succession to which was in two wise; that is to say, the hereditary line was never, except in very grave cases, broken, and the custom of primogeniture prevailed; but failing this, or in the event of some crying abuse, the people claimed, and frequently exercised, the right of electing their own sovereign. Hence the accession even of a son on the demise of his father, was always accompanied by the forms of an election; and to mark that such was not a mere empty ceremony, the utmost degree of religious solemnity was added to its performance. The throne having been declared vacant by the estates in comitia assembled, the regalia were brought

with great pomp from a fortress in the capital, which was set apart to their safe keeping. They were conveyed to the citadel at Prague, where they were arranged in the great hall within which the states assembled to act upon the emergency that had arisen; and the burgrave, taking the chair, lots were cast, in order to determine who should be king. This done, the burgrave rose, and with an audible voice, demanded whether it was the pleasure of the estates that the result of the scrutiny should be announced. They asked it clamorously; upon which he exclaimed, "In the name of the Most High, whose favour and protection we implore for this realm, I, supreme burgrave of Prague, by virtue of my office, declare that the choice of the states has fallen upon the high and mighty prince (naming him), and I require that he be accepted as king of Bohemia." Immediately an officer proclaimed, from the window, that a new king had been elected. The crowds which waited below raised a shout in testimony of their satisfaction, and the process of election being complete, it remained only to go forward with the more solemn parts of the

ceremony. Accordingly, the regalia were borne back in procession to the place of safe keeping; the king-elect proceeded, with great state, to the cathedral, where he received the holy sacrament, and was crowned and anointed by the archbishop, having, first of all, sworn upon the Evangelists that he would govern according to the law of the land, preserve the property of the nation, and defend the rights and privileges of all classes of his subjects against every aggressor.

Two points, both of them important to the right understanding of history, seem to be determined by these facts. First, it is quite clear that, though not always exercised, the right of electing to the vacant throne was vested in the states of Bohemia. Next, that the setting aside of Ferdinand in 1619, and the substitution of the Elector Palatine, was neither an act of rebellion against a legitimate sovereign, nor an usurpation of privileges which belonged not to the nation. The emergency for which the Bohemian constitution seems to have provided, had then clearly occurred. There was a great change in the public mind on the subject

of religion, and the emperor was opposed to that change. How were the states to act? They adopted the same course which was afterwards followed with perfect success in England; they changed the line of succession, and strove, when attacked, to defend themselves. They failed, thanks to the weakness of the prince of whom they had made choice as a ruler, and in part, at least, to the unwise policy of our James I.; but they no more deserve the censure which has, by almost all writers, been heaped upon them, than the English nation deserves to be branded with the Revolution of 1688.

I have stated that the royal title was first bestowed upon the duke of Bohemia in 1061, and that Henry conferred the honour upon him. Henry's ostensible motive was a desire to mark his sense of the services which Wratislas II. had rendered him against certain rebel feudatories. The real object of the gift was to connect, by the bond of vassalage, a large and influential principality with the empire; for Bohemia was, in those days, much more powerful than she is now. Her sway extended over Moravia, and a large portion of Silesia

and Lusatia, as well as over Bohemia proper. Neither did the politic emperor fail in the accomplishment of his wishes. An electoral king was soon drawn on to mix himself up with the affairs of Germany, and the connexion thus formed grew every day more and more intimate. Yet Bohemia continued throughout to foster, within her own limits, institutions which had to those of Germany no similitude. Her Slavonic language she never laid aside. Her usages were not altered; neither was the slightest innovation on the forms of their administration attempted. The sovereign continued to be the first magistrate, and nothing more. Laws enacted by the authority of the states, were by him carried into execution; while under him sat judges and magistrates, to hear and determine complaints; public expenditors to disperse the sums gathered in by taxation, and all the other instruments, without which the machinery of a nation cannot be properly balanced or kept in place. It would serve no good purpose were I to enumerate all these functionaries, even if I added to my list of titles a full and particular account of

the duties attached to each. My purpose is sufficiently served when I state, that everywhere we discover marks of a constitution more theoretically free than in almost any other of the states of Europe. For the very cultivator of the soil, though of course dependant on his employer, was not, like the same animal in Russia and Hungary, a mere slave, inasmuch as there were royal functionaries in every village to protect, as well as to keep him in subjection, from whose decisions he had a right of constant appeal, till his cause might be carried for final adjudication, into the King's Court at Prague. Nay, so completely was this court open to all orders, that the meanest citizen might there institute a suit against the sovereign himself.

The Bohemians, much attached to their own institutions, and jealous of every attempt at innovation, seem never to have become cordially reconciled to the dominion of the house of Austria. Their new masters had no sympathy for their humours, and more than once a movement was made to sever the connexion. But as the crown had passed into the family of

Hapsburg by the legitimate process of marriage, there was a wise reluctance, on the part of the majority, to break in upon the line of succession; and till the commencement of the troubles which marked the dawn of the Reformation, such movements cannot be described as, in any sense of the term, national. When religious zeal, however, came to the aid of political and perhaps personal prejudice, the circumstances of the case were changed. If ever man was called to a throne by the deliberate voice of those who had the right to settle him there, the Prince Palatine Frederic was that man. He accepted the invitation, assumed the royal state, wasted his means in idle pageantry, and was overthrown; while Austria, which heretofore had claimed only to govern by election, and according to law, now acted as if Bohemia were her own by right of conquest.

Whatever had been real in the privileges of the states, was at once put aside. They were called together, it is true, once a year, and once a year they are called together still; but it is much as the Houses of Convocation meet in England,—that they may be prorogued again.

Some nominal vote of supply is, indeed, passed, and then they adjourn. Meanwhile all the rights of the humbler orders were set aside. The nobles became feudal lords, holding their estates of the crown by tenure of service, and dealing with their vassals as feudal lords were wont to do, according to the dictates of their own caprice. New laws were passed; new usages established; and, worst and most galling of all, a new language introduced into the courts where justice was dispensed. Bohemia was treated as an integral portion of Germany, and as German customs had set aside the customs of the Slavacs, so was the German tongue substituted for the old and dearly-prized Bohemian.

There was much discontent in the kingdom, as may be imagined, but the power which held it down was too gigantic to be resisted. Of the nobles and landholders, a large proportion had been driven into exile, and their estates being conferred on court favourites, whatever weight the possession of property could give, was, of course, thrown into the scale of the emperor. The residue of the old families,

moreover, were not quite agreed among themselves as to the policy of resistance; for if their more perfect dependance on the crown galled them, their love of power was gratified by the enlarged authority which they were permitted to exercise over their own dependants. Accordingly no revolt took place; indeed, a population destitute of leaders, even while they pined and fretted for institutions to which long habit had enured them, could not act; they strove rather, as it appears, vainly, to reconcile themselves to their altered condition. Meanwhile literature, which in the olden time had attained to considerable eminence in Bohemia, entirely languished. The aboriginal language fell, with writers, into disuse; and as language is but the symbol of ideas, the very ideas of the people grew more dull and torpid every day. Even for conversational purposes, the rich and musical dialect of the Slavacs ceased to be used, except among the lowest of the peasantry; and the use of it was, in consequence, taken as an unerring test of humble birth and a rude education. In a word, no efforts were spared to root out the very memory of former independence, and to

induce a persuasion both at home and abroad, that as Bohemia had all along owed obedience to the decrees of the Germanic confederation, so in subjecting its inhabitants to the common usages of Germany, no violence whatever had been offered to the principles of right or of sound policy.

In process of time Joseph the Second ascended the throne, and the hand of the Reformer was felt in Bohemia as well as in other provinces of the empire. It does not, indeed, appear, that Joseph ever entertained the idea of restoring to the states their rights, or to the nobles their hereditary privileges. But he abhorred the feudal system, and dealt with it so vigorously, that both here and elsewhere little was left of it, except the name, and some of the forms. The landowner, who had previously exercised absolute power over his vassals, found himself reduced to the rank of a mere conservator of the public peace. His Chancery, which used to represent in miniature the court of a sovereign prince, became henceforth a mere burden upon his rental. He has still in pay a grand bailiff, and a chancellor, with a whole

host of inferior functionaries; but his authority through them extends no further than the settling of petty disputes, and the maintenance of a police within the limits of the manor. Litigated cases are heard, and crimes and misdemeanours punished, by magistrates whom the crown appoints,—men bred to the law as to a profession, and stationed here and there, at convenient distances from one another, in towns and villages through the country; and even their decisions are not always final. The case may be carried into a higher court in Prague, and from Prague itself a final appeal lies to Vienna. It is worthy of remark, however, that from the jurisdiction of these magistrates every person of noble lineage is exempt. The noble cannot be tried, except before his own court in Prague; of which the decision may be reversed only by the emperor in person.

Besides magistrates, bailiffs, and chancellors, we find in Bohemia a class of officers styled heads or commissaries of circles, of whom the stranger is apt, at first sight, to suppose that they exercise a right of superintendence over the magistracy. The case is not so, however.

They are mere checks upon the landowners and their chanceries; they move about from time to time, in order to ascertain whether or not the roads are kept in good repair, and the peasants well treated by their superiors. For in Bohemia, as well as in Saxony, the poor have a legal claim upon the wealthy, for such assistance as shall keep them from starving; and it is one part of the duty attaching to the manorial chanceries to provide that such is duly afforded. I am bound to add, that, though the allowances thus made are exceedingly small, they appear to serve the purpose; for the Bohemians are a most enduring people, and private charity, even in cases where the means of dispensing it might seem to be wanting, is not often appealed to among them in vain.

Besides these rural magistrates, Bohemia, like Saxony, has its townships,—each of which is governed by a municipal body, at once chosen by the inhabitants, and maintained out of the corporate property. They are not accountable either to the heads of circles or to the chanceries, but come under the immediate inspection of the supreme government. Though elected

for life, they are liable to be set aside in case a charge of malversation shall be made out against them; only there is this difference between the state of things in Saxony and Bohemia, that whereas in the former kingdom this power is exercised by the people, in the latter it belongs exclusively to the emperor.

All this reads well; nor can there be any doubt whatever that a country more absolutely tranquil than Bohemia nowhere exists. Not only are serious offences, such as murder, robbery, and arson unknown,—but the very words of the mouth, and the meditations of the heart, seem guarded. Men go about their every-day occupations with, apparently, a full assurance in their minds, that to-morrow shall be like this day,—if not much more abundant. But the tranquillity of Bohemia—or, if you prefer so to call it,—the peace and good order that prevail around, are like the quiet of the Dead Sea. It is by far too complete to satisfy the longings of that most active of all sublunary creatures, the human mind. "You are certainly getting on too fast in England now," said a Bohemian nobleman to me, while discussing the political

conditions of our respective countries: "but we are in a state of torpor. My jurisdiction, of which you seem to think so much, what is it? I bear all the expenses, and have some anxiety in the maintenance of order and the administration of justice; but as to power, believe me, I possess as little as you do. No, no; we are, and have been, very well off for many years back; because it so happens that our emperors have been good men, who desired to see their subjects happy; but suppose one should arise whose inclinations tended in an opposite direction, what security have we against his caprices? I don't mean to say that any of us are now desirous of following your footsteps, for you have overleaped the *juste milieu* with a vengeance,—but I do wish, and so do all classes among us, that we had something more to say in the management of our own affairs."

I could not help feeling that the nobleman who thus expressed himself, had justice on his side; and, as I found upon inquiry that a similar desire prevailed elsewhere,—among the citizens, among the priesthood, among profes-

sional men, and even among the peasants,—I came to the conclusion that the day even of Bohemian regeneration cannot be very far distant.

Among other topics which our good friend of Hernskrietchen discussed with us, the state of ecclesiastical affairs, and the progress of education in Bohemia, were not forgotten. I learned from him, that almost all the benefices in the country are miserably poor; that the lands which used to belong to them have been absorbed by the nobility; and that now the parochial clergy are supported by a very modified species of tithe, and by the free-will offerings of their flocks. These last, I ascertained, amounted to scarcely anything, for even the fees on marriages, burials, &c., were not always paid. "How impolitic," said I, "as well as unjust, to plunder one class of citizens, and that not the least important in the community, for the mere purpose of overloading another, already sufficiently rich. As if Bohemia and the Bohemians were the gainers by transferring to particular families estates, which originally stood open to be competed for by persons from

every rank, and were more generally won by the children of the humbler than by the sons of the higher orders."—"Very true," replied my friend, "but you Englishmen have not much right to pity us. At present your clergy may be more wealthy than we. But it is the fashion of the age to depress the order everywhere; and, if I read what is going on in London aright, your hour of depression is not far distant." I smiled, and affected to treat his apprehensions lightly, though I acknowledged to myself that he might, perhaps, have too much ground for the assumption.

The Austrian government, it appears, is quite as strict in dealing with its ecclesiastical, as with its lay subjects. No communications are permitted to be carried on between the heads of the church in Austria, and the see of Rome, till the letters on both sides have been submitted to the inspection of the minister. Even a bull from the pope falls dead upon the Austrian territory, unless the emperor think fit to recognize it; and as to the distribution of patronage, in that his Holiness never interferes. Confirmed the bishops doubtless are at Rome,

with somewhat of the same freedom of choice which our deans and chapters exercise in reference to a *conge d'élire;* but as to nominating even a curate to his charge, the pope may no more venture to do that, than to declare the throne itself vacant. My friend seemed to complain of all this as a grievous encroachment on the rights of the Church. For my part I gave the Austrian government full credit for acting wisely; indeed, I might have wondered that it did not go further, had I not been aware that liberty of conscience is apt to create a desire for something more, and that the mind which is encouraged to investigate freely into points of religious doctrine, seldom stops short till it has inquired into points of civil polity also.

They who imagine that there is in Bohemia any lack of that which we absurdly call education, are mistaken. In every parish there is a school, to which the people are compelled by law to send their children, between the ages of six and twelve. Both boys and girls are thus universally taught, I do not say how carefully, to read; many of both sexes can write and keep accounts, while such as have ears for music

are further instructed in singing. As a remuneration for all this, the schoolmaster receives from government a free house and garden, with a small salary in money; which is further augmented by a trifling weekly payment from each child. The amount, I find, both of the public and private payments, varies in different places; but probably the highest in Bohemia would not give to the man of letters thirty pounds a year, while the lowest would reduce his annual income to less than five. Moreover, I found, to my great surprise, that not only is the Bible,—a German translation from the Vulgate,—not proscribed, but that it is to be found in every school, and sometimes in the very cottages. So mistaken is the prejudice which charges the Romish clergy in general with waging a war of extermination against the written word of God.

In discussing such topics as these, varied from time to time by remarks upon the state of England, concerning which my friend was very curious, a couple of hours were pleasantly spent; at the termination of which the fair village of Auffenberg, hove, as a seaman would express

it, in sight. It stands upon the brow of a low green mound, almost in the centre of a huge amphitheatre of mountains, so far removed, however, as to give to the elevated valley which they surround, the appearance of a vast plain. A large and rather handsome church, begirt by a churchyard, within the circle of which numerous saints and angels, painted or sculptured, keep guard, occupies what may be called the cone of the hill, while, down the slope, with a lawn or meadow spread round it, lies the parsonage. This latter struck me as having about it a greater appearance of neatness than any mansion of the kind which I had as yet seen in Germany. A crop of hay having been just removed from the meadow gave to its green a peculiar freshness, which contrasted well with the foliage of a densely planted shrubbery, and of the apple and other fruit trees that grew around. Neither was the impression which a distant view of the scene had created, enfeebled by a closer inspection. As we opened the swing-gate, and passed a little wood-house, traversing the flagged path which conducted to the door, I could have well

nigh imagined myself approaching one of those modest cottages which give, even to the most remote of English districts, a peculiar air of civilization and refinement. There needed, indeed, but one or two healthy children romping on the green to complete the illusion; but, alas! such things were not.

In passing through the village I had been more than once taught that my guide, though now removed from the pastoral care of Auffenberg, continued to hold a place in the affectionate remembrances of its inhabitants. The women smiled and spoke kindly to him, the men doffed their hats with much more than cold respect, and the children, running out of doors, seized his hand and kissed it. In like manner the reception given to him by the housekeeper who opened the vicarage door, showed that he was upon the best possible terms with his neighbour and fellow minister. For the curate himself it appeared, had walked abroad. It was one o'clock, and having finished his dinner by half-past twelve, he was gone, as usual, to visit some sick person; but if we would be seated, she would run to the place

where she believed him to be, and fetch him home. We sat down accordingly to await his return.

The room into which we were ushered served, like that at Hernskrietchen, a three-fold purpose; but it was at once more capacious and better furnished. Two or three windows, moreover, threw in a large portion of light, a very material ingredient in what may be called the elements of cheerfulness in an apartment, and its floor was boarded. "Is your friend the incumbent here?" asked I. "Oh, no," was the answer, "he is only curate, as I was till the Prince of Clari presented me to the benefice at Hernskrietchen. The incumbent of Auffenberg resides chiefly in Prague, of which cathedral he is a canon." The answer surprised me, because I remembered that, by one of the decrees of the Council of Trent, pluralities in the Church of Rome had been abolished; and I proceeded to question him as to the grounds on which the canon of Prague contrived to elude that decree. He did not seem much to relish this question, and evaded rather than replied to it, by stating that the church in Bohemia

had many privileges of its own, of which this was one. "But," continued he, "our privileges—such as they are—depend upon the humours of the government, and are not very likely to continue with us. You Englishmen speak of us as a race of bigoted Catholics. I don't know what you mean by the expression; but if it imply that our laity care one straw about the church of which they profess to be members, I assure you that you are mistaken. They would plunder us, poor priests, of our last kreutzer just as cheerfully as your Protestant House of Commons would plunder your clergy." I looked at my friend with astonishment, for I could not have imagined that the humble vicar of a place like Hernskrietchen should have taken the trouble to inquire, or form an opinion, however erroneous, of our proceedings in London; but I did not pursue the subject further. It was one which he seemed unwilling to enlarge upon, and I felt that I had no right to outrage his humours.

By this time the housekeeper had returned to announce that her master would be with us immediately, and in a few minutes more the

curate himself entered. His age might be about three-and-twenty. He was very pale, with fine dark intelligent eyes, a mouth full of expression, teeth remarkably white, and short, thick, dark brown hair that clustered and curled about his temples. His dress struck me as at once picturesque and peculiar. A black frock-coat, with standing collar, a black stock having a Vandyked lace shirt-collar, rolled tightly over it, a silk vest, very wide trousers, and a pair—almost of jack-boots, drawn over them; this, with a neat black velvet skull-cup, made up the dress of the handsome, but delicate and imaginative-looking youth, who stood before me, and bade me welcome. From the first moment that I saw him, I put him down, in my own mind, as one of those enthusiastic and unearthly beings whom the German universities from time to time produce; and I found, on inquiry afterwards of my friend from Hernskrietchen, that the impression was not an erroneous one. The son of a miller, a sickly child from his cradle, he had been educated for the ministry, towards which all his hopes, and wishes, and aspirations continually pointed; and having

been recently ordained, he was now killing himself by over-exertion in the holy cause to which his energies were dedicated. But this was not all. He had already appeared as an author,—first, of certain poems, which, among his class-fellows at least, had made some noise; and more recently of a tour through that part of Bohemia towards which our steps were directed. I would have willingly purchased his book, had he taken the hint which I threw out; but with great modesty he assured me, that he did not possess so much as a copy for himself; and, I regret to add, that I have not yet been so fortunate as to discover it.

The curate had dined; but he caused his housekeeper to bring forth, without delay, some sweet cakes, a can of beer, and four coffee cups. Just as we were preparing to sit down, a third person walked in, and the conversation became immediately very animated. Our host described to his senior brethren a case which he was well nigh induced to regard as one of possession, and consulted them how it might best be dealt with. I ventured to recommend the calling in of a skilful physician, or, in case of

the worst, a mad-house; and the stranger, with a peculiar smile, enforced my views. But we had some difficulty in persuading our enthusiastic host that the days of demoniacal possessions were passed away.

Meanwhile, as fast as the beer and coffee disappeared, the housekeeper hastened to replenish our cups, till I was forced to lay both hands upon mine, and protest that I could contain no more. Nor were we the only parties refreshed in this hospitable kitchen. Two strapping wenches, perhaps eighteen or nineteen years old, were hard at work in the wood-house as we passed by. These now entered, and being supplied by the housekeeper with a mess of some description, they set to work; and, diving into the same dish with their respective spoons, caused it to disappear with wonderful rapidity. Finally, there came to the door an old ragged beggar-man, who was not sent away empty, and who seemed very grateful for the alms that were bestowed upon him.

We sat with our clerical friends till three o'clock, and derived from their conversation a great deal of amusement as well as instruction.

To do them justice, though exceedingly cheerful, they seemed quite in earnest in their vocation, except perhaps the last comer; and even in his case I am not sure that I have any right to put a loose interpretation on the jokes which he cracked with the maidens behind him, or the expression of countenance which accompanied them. I thought, indeed, that his brother functionaries would have been better pleased had such jokes been omitted; and I drew from their manner, as much as from the acts of the individual himself, a conclusion somewhat unfavourable to his tastes, if not to his principles.

It was now time for us to resume our journey, for a considerable space yet divided us from Tetchen,—our guide, in his zeal to point out to us every object that was worth seeing, having carried us very wide from the direct route. Having, therefore, obtained from our host sundry directions touching the points to be visited, and the highways and byeways to be followed, we bade him farewell; and, still attended by our friend from Hernskrietchen, once more set forward. He conducted us beyond the

bounds of the parish, pointed out whereabouts Tetchen lay, told us how we ought to proceed in order to gain the chaussée, or main road, and then took his leave. We parted with mutual regret, though certainly not without the hope of soon meeting again.

My young companion and I were now left to ourselves, and as the weather was intensely hot, and we had traversed no inconsiderable extent of country, a sense of fatigue began to gain the mastery over us. We could not, however, afford to indulge in long rests, for the day was wearing on, and Tetchen, our point for the night, still eluded our gaze. On, therefore, we trudged, over hill and dale, through wood and glen, till, from the summit of an eminence which the priest had pointed out to us, Tetchen, with its glorious environs, burst upon us. It is scarcely possible to conceive a view more beautiful than that upon which we now gazed. The Elbe, of which we had long lost sight, once more made his appearance, winding down between mountains,—not like those at Schandau and Hernskrietchen, abrupt and precipitous,—but sloping gently away from him, till

their tall green summits appeared to mingle with the clouds. In every direction such was the general outline of the country. The long graceful rye waved upwards on the mountain's sides; the richer, darker, and deeper clover covered the bottoms: thick woods here and there intervened; while numerous white houses, one of them a manufactory of cotton thread, studded the landscape. Last of all, just at the very bottom of the hollow, and close beside the margin of the river, lay Tetchen, nestling, as it were, under the shadow of the noble schloss, of which the Counts Thun have long been the owners. The contemplation of such a panorama could not fail of restoring vigour to our somewhat overwrought limbs. After halting for a few minutes to enjoy it, we tossed up our loads; and pushing on, made no farther pause, till we had gained the interior of the Gasthof zum Guldenen Krone, in the market-place.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON: JOHN W. PARKER, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

NEW BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY JOHN W. PARKER.

THE EVIDENCE of PROFANE HISTORY to the TRUTH of REVELATION. In one handsome Volume, with numerous Graphic Illustrations. 10*s.* 6*d.*

It is the object of this Work to exhibit, from traces afforded in the records and monuments, both sacred and profane, of the ancient world, an unity of purpose maintained by the all-controlling providence of God.

MEMOIRS of the LIFE, CHARACTER, and WRITINGS, of BISHOP BUTLER, Author of *The Analogy.* By THOMAS BARTLETT, M.A., One of the Six Preachers of Canterbury Cathedral, and Rector of Kingstone, Kent. Dedicated by permission to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Octavo, with an original Portrait.

THE RISE and PROGRESS of the ENGLISH CONSTITUTION; with an HISTORICAL and LEGAL INTRODUCTION, and NOTES. By ARCHIBALD JOHN STEPHENS, M.A., F.R.S., &c., Barrister at Law. 2 Vols., 30*s.*

The Laws and Constitution of our own country are a species of knowledge in which the gentlemen of England have been more remarkably deficient than those of all Europe besides. * * * * I think it undeniable, that a competent knowledge of the laws of that society in which we live, is a highly useful, I had almost said essential, part of liberal education.—Blackstone.

HISTORY of the RISE, PROGRESS, and ACCOMPLISHMENT, of the ABOLITION of the AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE by the British Parliament. By THOMAS CLARKSON, M.A. A new Edition, with an INTRODUCTION, adapted to the Present Times, and a Portrait from a highly-approved Picture, recently painted by Mr. Room. *Published under the Direction of the* Central Negro-Emancipation Committee. *In the Press.*

ELIZABETHAN RELIGIOUS HISTORY. By HENRY SOAMES, M.A, Author of *The History of the Reformation; The Anglo-Saxon Church,* &c. Octavo, 16*s.*

This Work is intended to fill a long-acknowledged chasm in English literature, and especially in that which peculiarly concerns the Church of England. Both Romanists and Protestant Dissenters have been attentive to the important reign of Elizabeth, and by saying very little of each other, have given an invidious colouring to both the Church and the Government. The present work is meant to give every leading fact in sufficient detail, but to avoid unnecessary particulars. It reaches from the establishment of the Thirty-Nine Articles, in 1563, to the Hampton-Court Conference, in 1604.

THE ANGLO-SAXON CHURCH; its HISTORY, REVENUES, and General Character. By the Rev. HENRY SOAMES, M.A., Author of *Elizabethan Religious History.* A New Edition. 10*s.* 6*d.*

HISTORY of the CHURCH of ENGLAND, to the REVOLUTION in 1688; embracing Copious Histories of the Thirty-Nine Articles, the Translation of the Bible, and the Compilation of the Book of Common Prayer. By THOMAS VOWLER SHORT, D.D. NEW EDITION, in One Volume. 16*s.*

THE CHURCH CALENDAR, showing the HOLY-DAYS and FASTING-DAYS to be observed, together with Tables of the Proper Lessons and Psalms, for every Day, throughout the Year of our Lord 1839. To these are added a History of the Book of Common Prayer, some Account of the Holy-Days and Fasts, and Rules for Chanting, &c.

THE WORKS OF DOCTOR DONNE, Dean of Saint Paul's in 1619—1631; with a Memoir of his Life, and Critical Notices of his Writings. By HENRY ALFORD, M.A., Vicar of Wymeswold, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Six Volumes, Octavo. To be published in JANUARY, 1839.

THE EDUCATIONAL ECONOMY of ENGLAND. By the Rev. JAMES SHERGOLD BOONE, Minister of St. John's, Paddington. 3*s.* 6*d.*

CONSIDERATIONS on PHRENOLOGY, in connexion with an Intellectual, Moral, and Religious Education. By the Rev. J. S. HODGSON, M.A. 5*s.* 6*d.*

A NEW SYSTEM OF LOGIC, and Developement of the Principles of Truth and Reasoning; in which a System of Logic, applicable to Moral and Practical Subjects, is for the first time proposed. By SAMUEL RICHARD BOSANQUET, A.M., of the Inner Temple. *In the Press.*

GERMANY; the SPIRIT of her HISTORY, LITERATURE, SOCIAL CONDITION, and NATIONAL ECONOMY; illustrated by Reference to her Physical, Moral, and Political Statistics, and by Comparison with other Countries. By BISSET HAWKINS, M.D., Oxon., F.R.S., &c. 10*s.* 6*d.*

RESEARCHES IN BABYLONIA, ASSYRIA, AND CHALDÆA; forming part of the Labours of the Euphrates Expedition, and *published with the sanction of the Right Hon. the President of the Board of Control.* By WILLIAM AINSWORTH, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., &c. Surgeon and Geologist to the Expedition. With Illustrations, Maps, &c. 12*s.* 6*d.*

NEW POCKET GUIDE to LONDON and its ENVIRONS; containing Descriptions, from personal knowledge, of everything worth seeing or knowing, within Twenty-five Miles of the Metropolis; enlivened with Biographical and other Anecdotes, connected by History or Tradition, with the Places described. With a Map of the Environs. By JOHN H. BRADY, F.R.A.S. 7*s.*

PUBLISHED BY JOHN W. PARKER.

HINTS TO GAS CONSUMERS; comprising Practical Information on the following subjects:—

I. The General Properties of Coal-Gas. II. Its Cost, as compared with other modes of Illumination. III. The Convenience, Safety, and Utility of Gas-Light. IV. Management and Economical Use of Gas. V. Gas-Fitters and Gas-Fittings. VI. Gas Stoves. 1*s.* 6*d.*

An INTRODUCTION to the STUDY of CHEMISTRY, being a preparatory View of the Forces which concur to the Production of Chemical Phenomena. By J. FREDERIC DANIELL, F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry in King's College, London; and Lecturer on Chemistry and Geology in the Hon. East India Company's Military Seminary at Addiscombe; Author of *Meteorological Essays.*

A DICTIONARY of the MATERIA MEDICA and PHARMACY; including the Elements of Pharmaceutical Chemistry, and a Translation of the *London Pharmacopœia.* By WILLIAM THOMAS BRANDE, of Her Majesty's Mint, Author of the *Manual of Chemistry.*

OUTLINES of GENERAL PATHOLOGY. By GEORGE FRECKLETON, M.D., Cantab. Fellow of the Royal Coll. of Physicians. 7*s.*

* MECHANICS APPLIED TO THE ARTS. By PROFESSOR MOSELEY, of King's College, London. A New Edition, corrected and improved. With numerous Engravings. 6*s.* 6*d.*

* READINGS in SCIENCE; familiar EXPLANATIONS of Appearances and Principles in NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. A new Edition, with many Engravings. 5*s.*

MUSICAL HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND CRITICISM; being a General Survey of Music from the earliest period to the present time. By GEORGE HOGARTH. *A new and enlarged Edition, in Two Volumes.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE CAMBRIDGE PORTFOLIO; a Periodical Work comprising Papers illustrative of the principal features in the Scholastic and Social System of the University; Notices of the most Eminent Characters it has produced; Gleanings from the Manuscripts in the several Libraries; and Contributions in Original Literature by contemporary Members. It also contains descriptive accounts of the principal Buildings in Cambridge, their origin, history, and purposes, accompanied by numerous Etchings, executed by Lewis, Ince, G. Cooke, and other eminent Artists. In Parts, at 5*s.* each.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN W. PARKER.

* LIVES OF EMINENT CHRISTIANS. By RICHARD B. HONE, M.A., Vicar of Hales Owen. Three Vols., 4*s.* 6*d.* each.

Vol. I.	Vol. II.	Vol. III.
Archbishop Usher,	Bernard Gilpin,	Bishop Ridley,
Doctor Hammond,	Philip de Mornay,	Bishop Hall,
John Evelyn,	Bishop Bedell,	The Honorable Robert Boyle.
Bishop Wilson.	Doctor Horneck.	

* LIVES OF BRITISH SACRED POETS. By R. A. WILLMOTT, Esq., Trinity College, Cambridge. Now Complete, in Two Volumes, at 4*s.* 6*d.* each.

The First Series contains an Historical Sketch of Sacred Poetry, and the Lives of the English Sacred Poets preceding Milton.

The Second Series commences with Milton, and brings down the Lives to that of Bishop Heber inclusive.

* READINGS IN POETRY. A Selection from the Works of the best English Poets, from Spenser to the present times; with Specimens of the American Poets Notices of the Writers; and Explanatory Notes. A New Edition, enlarged. 4*s.* 6*d.*

A Manual of Poetry, comprising the gems of the standard English Poets. Care has been taken to select such pieces and passages as best illustrate the style of the respective Authors; and it is scarcely necessary to add, that scrupulous attention has been paid to the moral character of the extracts.

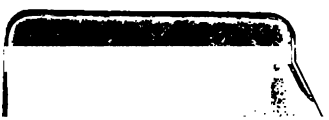
* READINGS in ENGLISH PROSE LITERATURE; containing choice Specimens of the Works of the best English Writers, from Lord Bacon to the Present Time. With Biographical Sketches of the Writers, and Essays on the Progress of English Literature. A New Edition, enlarged. 4*s.* 6*d.*

This volume is intended to furnish the general reader with some valuable specimens of English prose composition. They are taken from the works of those writers who have chiefly determined the style of our prose literature, and are not only in themselves instructive and entertaining, but are also of sufficient variety, and of ample length, to render the reader familiar with the beauties and the peculiarities of the various writers.

UNIVERSAL MYTHOLOGY; an Account of the most important Mythological Systems, their Origin and Connexion. By the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, St. John's Coll., Camb. 7*s.*

The Mythology of Greece and Rome has hitherto been studied almost exclusively, though neither the most important, nor the most interesting. The systems of the East and of the North, of Egypt and of China, would have illustrated the Greek and Roman fables, have cleared up their difficulties, and explained their allegories. * * * * This object has been attempted in the present work.

---

* The works marked with an Asterisk in the Publisher's Lists, are printed under the direction of the General Literature and Education Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

London: JOHN W. PARKER, Publisher, West Strand.